

T H E

Golden Way.

MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN & MRS. ROSE L. BUSHNELL,
PUBLISHERS.

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PROSPECTUS.

The Golden Way MAGAZINE

Will be devoted to the dissemination of TRUTH, on all the live issues of the day which affect directly or indirectly the advancement of Progressive Thought.

Believing that SPIRITUALISM, as a science, solves the riddle of the Sphinx, answers the questions of the Ages, and presents to man the most magnificent elucidation of his immortal destiny, it will especially advocate the truth of Psychic Phenomena.

MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN, }
AND }
MRS. ROSE L. BUSHNELL, }

Address "GOLDEN WAY," 624 Polk street, San Francisco, Cal.

THE GOLDEN WAY.

PHENOMENA OF SPIRITUALISM AND WHAT THEY PROVE.

BY HON. A. B. RICHMOND.

"Facts are stubborn things."—GIL BLAS.

*"But faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last."*
—THOS. MOORE.

"What we call death is but a new birth."

ALL of the religions of mankind are based upon phenomenal evidence of a future world. Without the testimony of the occult there is no proof of a future life, nothing upon which the thinking mind can form a conviction of a continuity of personal existence after the gloomy ordeal of death. The plaintive wail recorded in so-called sacred history—"If a man die shall he live ⁱⁿ again,"—came not alone from Job in his affliction, but it has been the inquiry of all ages and all people, and without the facts of spirit phenomena it is unanswered and unanswerable. Faith is a staff of reed that has often broken and pierced the hand that leaned on it for support; while hope is but the dream of those who desire its fulfillment, only to awake to its delusion. "Faith is the

evidence of things unseen," while hope is not even corroborative testimony of the facts that faith asserts.

If there is an unseen world impalpable to human senses yet thronging with spirit life, and if that world and life are as tangible to the disenthralled spirit as is ours to us, what science or philosophy dare assert that its existence may not be proven by the demonstration of facts? Where human intelligence, memory and love manifest themselves by unmistakable signs or symbols, there must be a human soul back of the force that causes them. It matters not by what means its presence is made known to us, if human intelligence aside from and other than that of incarnate human personality is manifested in our presence, either by sound or motion, then

it is absolutely certain that excarnate spirit force and life is present. That this phenomena actually exists none can doubt who have carefully investigated and witnessed its action, save those whose bigotry is above their reason, who doubt the evidence of their senses, ignore the recorded facts of history, and deny the immutability of the Creator, and the unchangeableness of His laws.

All along down the ages of the past, the occult phenomena now denominated "spirit manifestations," have occurred and been recorded in the history of passing events, among every people who possessed a written language, not as of uncertain or doubtful existence, but as facts as well established as are the most ordinary occurrences of life. Ancient historians, commentators, and the statutory laws of all civilized nations, testify to nearly every phase of spirit phenomena that occurs to-day. Through all ages materialized forms have appeared to men, and told their awful secrets of crime and murder. Specter hands have written, as with a wand, prophecies of the future, or messages of love, and memories of the past, whispers from the silent chambers of death, have communicated to the living, long forgotten events, while all history relates these occurrences as undoubted facts, and undeniable truths. The chisel of the sculptor has wrought them in marble, art has moulded them in bronze, the pencil of the artist has embalmed them in unfading colors, and poets have made them the theme

of undying song. The narration of incidents of occult phenomena are alike prominent in the literature of past and present; a belief in them is deep in the minds of the people, and the lessons they teach are weekly enunciated from press and pulpit. The stories they tell are related by every fireside in the land, and are as familiar as the tales and melodies of childhood. Orthodoxy most vehemently asserts the truth of these weird legends of the past, while infidelity alone doubts their oft-recorded facts. Bigotry believes the past yet denies the present, while prejudice refuses to listen, and will not investigate lest it be convinced.

Millions of orthodox Christians in every part of the civilized world believe with unswerving faith all the narrations of spirit manifestations in the "old testament," while like incidents related in the new are to them unquestioned truths. With strange inconsistency they assert the immutability of the Creator, and the unchangeableness of His laws, yet they deny that what once occurred in accordance with the Divine will, may happen again. The basic facts of their faith in the holy mission of the Nazarene; the very ceremonies of their creeds, are founded on the occult phenomena that attended him and his disciples, and even these miraculous events were often only witnessed by the Magdalens and the ignorant fishermen who followed him, and whose testimony has come down to us through long centuries of time and uncertain translations

of Hebrew, Greek and Latin histories. Is it not strange, passing strange, that those whose religious faith doubts not the occurrence of spirit visitations in the distant past on such frail and feeble evidence, should reject the proof of like events to-day, when they are testified to by the learned, the great and good? With the orthodox churches of the present time truth must be clothed in the Roman toga or Jewish gabardine, and shod with sandals, that it may be recognized, while the scientific facts of the nineteenth century are denied and derided because of their recent occurrence. With all *true* believers—

“’Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.”

Men forget that in the great cycles of eternity our measurement of time is but as the dust in the balance, and produces no change in the equipoise of nature’s unvarying laws. That in the infinite mind the eternity past and the eternity of the future are but one ever present and eternal now.

With the light of our present knowledge we know that the vast universe is governed by immutable laws; that acting under such an infinite variety of circumstances, and in such perfect harmony, these laws must all emanate from one unchanging central power, and can not possibly be the result of chance or coincidence.

The apparent conflict in natural phenomena, the “war of the elements,” sunshine and darkness, the sensations of pleasure and pain, even life and

death, are but the results of the unvarying forces of nature, and evidence of the general harmony of her unchanging decrees. They conclusively prove the existence of a supreme power whose only covenant with man is through immutable laws, the evidence whereof is refracted in the gem and dew-drop as well as in the rainbow.

Nowhere in the bodies of men or animals does the anatomist find a nerve or organ whose functions are to cause disease and pain, yet in nature’s complex system of action there must *ex necessitate rei* be a conflict of opposing forces. Every step we take involves a contest between the power of the law of gravity and the nerve stimulus. The forces of attraction and repulsion, of contraction and expansion, are of necessity the very antipodes of each other, yet it is this diversity of action that covers our lakes and rivers with a porous shield of winter ice, and protects their inhabitants from death. That makes the temperate zones of the earth the arena of industry and enlightenment. By her unchangeable laws nature has necessarily set the attributes of an acid and an alkali in battle array, while there is an eternal contention between the electrical and magnetic forces of earth. It is this contest between invisible elements that vibrates in telephonic whispers and makes the lightning an amanuensis in the business correspondence of life: that blazing out in a fierce battle of contending energies, illuminates the darkness of midnight with the glare of noonday, and that will in the lifetime of the child now

living, heat, light, and move the world of human industry. If the properties of all material elements were in perfect harmony, there would be no growth or decay, no life nor death. It is the conflict of opposing properties in elementary matter, and their elective affinity that create all material forms, and build all the homes of life and intellect of the flora and fauna of earth. It is this apparent discord in nature's broad domain that causes the harmony of the universe; and although the mystery of the decrees of infinity may conceal the primordial cause of pain, disease and death, or of crime, suffering and woe, yet have we no reason to doubt the wisdom that governs all. Whatever the power may be that caused the universe to exist—or wherever it may be located, it is certain that the human soul stands alone amid all created things in the grandeur of its aspirations, and its longings for immortality. *Sui generis*, in its affections, memories, ambitions and reason, it has no counterfeit in nature, no semblance in itself. To all other forms of life and intelligence the word *excelsior* has no meaning. There is to them no above, no beyond. The human intellect alone craves immortality—human consciousness alone desires a continuity of existence, thereby showing that all these longings are but the whispers of God to man through the telephone of the brain assuring us that they *shall* be gratified.

All the attributes of the human soul have their peculiar manifestations.

The smile with which the infant answers a mother's tender caress, the lisping words of dawning intellect by which it communicates its wants and woes, the feeble comprehension of the relation of cause and effect, the growing mind with its limitless powers of progress and evolution, the mature conscious ego which recognizes its own personality, remembers the past and contemplates the future, all these are peculiar to human mentality alone, and when any of them are manifested by an unseen force, either by tongue, pen or tiny rap, it is certain that a human soul and intellect is present. It matters not that the casket that once contained this gem of immortality, has long since been given to death and decay; if the soul it once held in the bondage of life, manifests the continuity of its existence by memories of the past, and is capable of relating them in an intelligent manner, it is certain that the soul yet lives and that it can communicate with those it once loved on earth.

The histories of the past, the immutability of nature's laws, the researches of scientific investigation, the evidence of thousands of intelligent witnesses all over the world prove as clearly, as human testimony can establish the existence of any fact, that there is around us an unseen living intelligence that possesses all the characteristics of the human soul. In vain may prejudice sneer and bigotry deny. The phenomena comes to us under conditions absolutely void of fraud or deception; reveals secrets of the past, recog-

nizes the personality of those present at its manifestations, and always, and under all circumstances, asserts its spirit parentage. Science offers no satisfactory explanation consistent with the facts. The philosophy of spiritualism alone can interpret them,

and when that interpretation is consistent with, and demonstrates the great fundamental truth of all religions,—the immortality of the soul—it is like a house built upon a rock, the storms of bigotry and prejudice can not prevail against it.

THE VOICE OF THE PRESENT.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

EVERY age is a prophecy of that which is to come, and if we had knowledge sufficient we could read the future as we can the succeeding hours on the dial of a clock. We see the hands pointing the time, and know they will go on their course to each succeeding hour. We may not understand the hidden mechanism by which their movements are governed, yet we know that there is back of the wheels and pinions an active, silent force in the coiled spring which, regulated and controlled, expresses itself in the constant rotation of the hour hand, with the certainty of the revolution of earth which it records. Thus it is that behind the changing phenomena of the world and the everescent events of human life, there is an energy which is expressed through and by these, rising by ceaseless change to higher planes of use and beauty. We can not see through the intricate meshes of the veil which conceals the future. It is well that we can not, we would grow discontented with our hard fate that brought us into the world too soon, before it

was ready and complete. It is well the man of the ox-cart did not know of the cars; well that those who waited on the banks of Lake Erie for their New England mail, for weeks and months, did not know how soon a single day would be regarded too long a time. Well the homesick pioneers of Western wilderness, when they longed for a word from their old homes, did not know that their children would be able to fasten the wings of the lightning to their thoughts, and while sitting by their firesides converse across the continent, or with the people on the other side of the ocean.

It is said that the future can not witness the astonishing progress of the last half century. That we are nearing the goal of achievement, and have won from nature her choicest secrets, and subdued her most invincible forces. That was said a century ago. The past age was then eulogized. We sometimes hear the old song to-day. The "good old time" is compared to the degenerate present!

We pity the man who is so blinded

by prejudice that he can not read history aright.

The common working man of to-day is better fed, better clothed, better housed, better educated, than the kings of Europe five hundred years ago. Think of Queen Elizabeth, the glorious Queen Bess, sitting down to a dinner of black bread and corned beef! Not a carpet on the floor, not a glass window to admit the light, not a vegetable on her table but leafy cabbage, and worse kale brought from Holland, and leeks praised for their strength and odors. The mills made poor flour, badly ground and worse bolted. Snow white flour is a creation of our day. The garden vegetables we prize are creations of art since her time. Neither tea, coffee, nor the spices, went to make up the menu of those good old days. The dining halls of English nobles were carpeted with rushes or straw, into which the guests threw the fragments of bones, to be fought over by the dogs, and after the feast and the ladies had withdrawn the crude beer and harsh distilled liquors were poured down, until with oaths and coarsest jests the carousers slid down under the table to sleep off their potations. If such was the condition of the nobles within the walls of castles, what must have been that of the working man—the serf? He was worse cared for than the domestic animal of the present. The horse and pig are better housed and fed than the working man of two hundred years ago. Ignorant, superstitious and bigoted, the masses trusted in Providence, and were deci-

mated by the plague, which they knew not how to avoid, and prayer was the one panacea for all ills.

Oh I am glad we do not live in the “old times,” the days of squalor, of disease, of want, of ignorance, of superstition, when the people were so interested in the next life, and saving their souls, that they had no time for the affairs of this. Glad, but I have no doubt that the coming generation will look back on the present, with almost the same gladness, mingled with pity.

Wealth has been poured into the lap of the nation as history affords no example. We have harnessed the force of heat, and in the engines of this country alone, it is doing the work of a thousand millions of men. To this, must be added the force of water and electricity of hundreds of thousands more. Day and night these Titanic slaves ceaselessly labor, and the incalculable products of their toil enrich the nations.

The capabilities of steam have been exhausted. The engine is as near perfect as human ingenuity can make it, but there are other forces. Electricity is just awakening attention. It is the coming giant, to which steam is a pigmy. It will make possible, what before has been impracticable. There is every reason to suppose that this ubiquitous force may be converted directly from the heat of burning coal, without that heat first being converted into motion by an engine, and then into electricity by a dynamo. When this is accomplished, the navigation of the air will be as practicable as that of the water.

When the new metal, aluminium which exists in inexhaustible quantities in every bed of clay, is wrung from its ore with sufficient cheapness, this exceedingly light metal, which is stronger than steel, will furnish the slender framework of the air ship, and the lightning will impel its pinions. The ship now building at Mt. Carmel may not succeed, but a generation will not pass before the flight of an air-ship, in the clouds, will awaken no more attention than the passing of a train of cars. All that now stands between aerial navigation and success, is a ready means of furnishing electricity, and this is almost accomplished.

The telephone, wonderful as its present uses are, will in the future be so extended that conversation will be easily held between all points of the country, and every home have its communicating wire with all others. The perfected phonograph will record the voices of our friends, and the music and eloquence of the noblest and the best be preserved for the future, which literally will be able to listen to the voices of the dead.

More emphatic is the voice of the present in its prophecy of the future of beliefs and ideas. The terrible superstitions of the old days are rapidly being outgrown. In politics and religion there is almost equally rapid advance. The age of man is coming, and the age of the gods; of autocrats and czars; of priests and of kings, is vanishing. The unrest of the masses, who feel the injustice of not fully sharing in the plethora of wealth furnished by art

and nature; who feel that however improved their lot the vast accumulations of a few somehow are to them a wrong, and prophesies the fulfillment of their desires. Nationalism may be the theory of an hour, but sooner or later the grand conception of the brotherhood of man; the true republican idea that all men are created equal in rights and with a common destiny, will be wrought in the perfection of government.

And on parallel lines will be the growth of true religious sentiment, which is above and beyond all church, sect or creed; which holds man as the divine center of creative energy, the cardinal fact of creation, and makes his continuous existence a necessity of the evolutionary process by which living beings were produced. And here, perhaps, has been wrought the greatest change of all the great changes in the fields of thought. The future life which is a necessity of religious faith; which the past regarded as dependent on belief, and a gift from God, is a continuous evolution from this earthly existence; is our heritage because we are human beings, and man, instead of being a poor "worm of the dust," is born an heir to the infinite kingdom of life, and endowed with capabilities to unfold in excellence when this world shall grow old and disappear, and the stars of heaven break in dust on the remotest coast line of time. Such is the promise made by the voice of the Present, grand beyond mortal telling, and such the heritage our children will enjoy.

CAUSERIE SPIRITUELLE.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

PROF. TYNDAL, the eminent English scientist, says: "The outward visible phenomena are with us as the counters of the intellect and science would not be worthy of its name and fame if it halted at facts however practically useful, and neglected the laws which accompany and rule phenomena." The outward and visible facts and phenomena are of of themselves undignified, and sometimes apparently trivial; the law-back of these facts, or that accompany them are never trivial, for Nature's laws are God's voice. There is nothing trivial in listening to that voice, and studying its meaning; and the Prof. never uttered a truer word than when he said, science was unworthy of its name and fame, if it halted at visible facts. But yet, this eminent scientist not only halted at facts, but turned his back on them; if he had "recked his own rede." Did as Prof. A. F. Wallace did, studied the laws that rule phenomena, he would have found like the latter savant, another world or field for investigation, that is fast becoming a domain for scientific research. It would have illuminated his statement, where he says "the boundaries of the domain of the senses in Nature, is almost infinitely small in comparison with the vast region accessible to thought, which lies beyond them." I am led to make this remark remembering his one sitting for spirit manifesta-

tions, which he records at length in his *Fragments of Science*, some twenty years ago and I have never heard of his attending a sitting since. They might, as he says, have been both trivial and deceptive, but according to his own record, he was both trivial and deceptive; but, be that as it may, there were thousands of wise people then, and millions since, wiser than he on that point, if not as celebrated, who know that similar phenomena to those that he saw, are what they claim to be, genuine, and not deceptive; and those that he saw in his recorded seance, may have been, at any rate it was not scientific to stop there; if Wallace and Crooks, his equals in the walks of science, had stopped thus at the threshold of investigation, they would not have been believers and defenders of spiritual truth and if he had a little more perserverance, he would have been studying the laws that accompany and rule spirit phenomena. As wise a man as Tyndal is, in his line, what lustre his illumination would have cast on some of his brilliant and true suggestions, this one for instance: "The mind of man has the power of penetrating beyond the boundaries of the five senses, that the things in this material world, depend for their action upon things unseen."

* * * * *

I like to go into the house of prayer, not for the prayers, or preaching.

Holiness, sanctity and the religious feeling or sentiment, is always an attraction to me; but I am not a religious man in a theological sense, any more than Robert Ingersol is, but I would be very sorry if I was not profoundly religious in the highest spiritual sense. A building dedicated to religious service, whether it be Orthodox, Methodist or Unitarian, or even a Spiritual temple, has a very soothing atmosphere to me, and when surrounded with people as I often am in such cases, of a devotional turn of mind, I partake of that devotional feeling, and the older I grow, the more agreeable it is. What I hear in such places I can often say with the proverb, "the letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive." The words uttered, I often pay but little attention to, but partake of the spirit of the prayer, using my own thoughts and the same of the preacher's words. I do not always see how they can rationally believe all they say in the light of to-day, and sometimes their earnestness and apparent sincerity surprises me. Sincerity and earnestness always interest me, but I am thinking my own thoughts all the time.

The great Napoleon was not a religious man, but when he had been in Egypt a long while, beyond the confines of religion in the christian sense, on his return to France, the church bells had a familiar and holy sound to him, and he said: "Yes, France must have a religion." The reign of terror had abolished it, the country was coming to its senses, and the sound of the church bells was pleasant to that hero's

ear, and, I suppose, for the moment he felt religious; even in very worldly men that it may not often in such cases find expression, but it is latent, and sometimes it finds expression and stays.

Sometimes these ministers drop a bright thought, speaking at the moment, wiser than they know, and theologically have no authority for it, speaking from the heart rather than the head. I often go into a Methodist church in my neighborhood, because it is near, and because I like the religious devotional atmosphere, or magnetism of the place, and feel as the hymn says "Nearer my God to Thee," for being there. The minister is a very earnest, devoted and sincere man, and among many evangelical generalities, he occasionally lets in the light of intuition, as when he says "there are angels in our homes, in every home, interested in our comfort and happiness. They are ministering angels invisible but present with us." If he had said "spirits" instead of "angels," and I suppose he meant the same thing, he would be preaching the modern spiritual idea. This same minister said also "that he did not expect when he died, to be asleep a thousand years, but as the thief met his Lord in Paradise the next day, I expect the Lord and my mother. Next to Jesus, I want to see her and the departed friends." This minister is right, but where is his authority for it outside of modern spiritualism and some few morning stars who have spoken wiser than they knew? The thief on the cross is a

pointer, it is true, but the general evidence of divine revelations is that we wait for the trump, the resurrection day, and all the epitaphs, and all the hymns give that idea, beautifully expressed by Gray in his elegy:—

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Lately this good man's aged mother died. As she was very low and nearing her end, he said to her, "Will you come to me, mother, after you pass away if you can?" She said to him in reply, If she was permitted to she would. He related this remark in his sermon. Knowing as he did, that she was starting on that bourne from which no traveler returns. I wondered what suggested that question: it was probably an influence he felt, that invisible, departed spirits were around him; he might not have admitted it to himself, but he felt it as most people do to day, in the air; there is no authority for it outside of modern spiritualism. Speaking farther along, of the many consecutive thanksgiving days he had spent at his home with her, he said, "I think she is nearer to me now than ever; instead of being at home two hundred miles away, I feel that she is here with me and closer than ever," then checking himself as if he had said too much, or

too strongly, he added, "I am not a spiritualist."

I have no doubt his mother was invisibly by his side, and she made her presence felt, probably influenced him to express himself thus, probably wanted him to know that she was permitted to come as he had requested. If Swedenborg had been alive, and there are also other clairvoyants who could have seen her; who could have described the spirit of an elderly lady standing by his side and so corroborated his impressions, even if he had not said that he felt that his mother was by his side. I have had such things done to me.

Spiritualism is getting into the churches, the liberal ones especially, so it is into the evangelical, not always by the name of spiritualism, but the idea is there and the aisles and pews are ankle deep with it; one of these days, it will be a tenet in the christian church, as if it had always been there. and when it is, it will reproduce the foreworld again in a belief in revelation, and a revelation from the world of departed spirits, anciently true, and have continued to the present day, the light of to-day adding a lustre of truth to the revelations of the past, making the bible a rational book, not a supernatural one.

ACROSTIC.

BY ABBIE L. GOULD.

Grandly on, o'er the Golden Way,
O'er the billows of all seas,
Let for aye, your splendid craft,
Dauntless prove, in storm or breeze;
! Each shall hail thy passing sail—
Naught against thee shall prevail.

What glorious promise of the dawn,
Athwart the western skies doth gleam,
Yea, evermore shall brightly beam!

SOME THINGS HARD TO EXPLAIN.

BY DR. G. B. CRANE.

"Auld Nature too doth own her rule
Her noblest work she classes O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man
An' then she made the lasses, O."

—BURNS.

ALTHOUGH it was not a "'prentice han'" that inaugurated the existence of the Golden Gate, the graceful style, the cogent logic that characterized contributions to its columns by the "lasses O," who are to control its successor on a larger scale, assures its readers of the past, that no want of learning or journalistic ability will prevent the new enterprise from achieving success. The old idea of woman's intellectual inferiority, is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. The chivalry that remains among men, so creditable to human nature, protects the Editress from the rough usage with which the less deserving men are constantly annoying each other.

The antagonism and controversy which disturb the harmony of the conductors of the political and sectarian press, is unavoidable, but, that difference of opinion among spiritualists as to the smaller details which environ their grand central truths, LIFE EVER-LASTING AND INTERCOURSE WITH THE SPIRIT WORLD while in the flesh, should engender unfriendliness among honest investigators of spiritual philosophy, is passing strange, and strange as it is, it is unquestionably true that our newspaper press, and acknowledged leaders, are more resentful, and more intolerant of each other than the lead-

ers in opposing churches, or political parties, and a most serious question is, why is it so?

St. Paul's oft quoted aphorism, "The love of money is the root of all evil," explains it in part, and in the main part, but when we see a leading professedly spiritual journal, holding up to ridicule a giant intellect that is manfully and successful battling for our cause, we are filled with wonder, as the Apostle's truism does not here explain the motive.

When we see other journals, otherwise consistent and respectable, smirch and compromise the holy cause by publishing advertisements claiming that "Bands of Ancient Spirits" associate themselves with charlatans in the flesh, for dishonest commercial purposes, then we have only to look to mammon for explanation.

When we see a new and enterprising professedly Spiritual Journal, co-operating with the Boston Investigator, a paper at war with both Spiritualism and Christianity, we know it is not *really with us*, or if so it is making a mistake; an unfortunate one.

When we see a portion of our press entering the political arena, essaying to inaugurate a new party, headed by a Materialist, we naturally think of

the bull's fight with the locomotive engine.

And worst of all, and most to be deplored, is when we see as great villains as ever went unhung, endowed, God only knows why, with the slate writing phase of mediumship, continue to be sustained by a portion of our press and essay writers, after it is known that they have swindled overcredulous believers out of large sums of money by trickery, and stranger than all are used by honest spirits nevertheless.

Organization and boards of censors, separating the sheep from the goats might reach this crowning evil, or at least make it less damaging to the respectability of Spiritualism.

I have presented a formidable array of difficulties which encumber the path of progress toward the redemption of the world from the superstitions that have made natural death the "King of Terrors" and driven sensitive mortals into insanity and kindred mental disorders, by the orthodox threat of everlasting hell beyond the tomb, but the signs of the times as indicated by the development of science, ethical culture and ecclesiastical revisions, tend to encourage a hope that all—except the last named—will soon cease to clog the wheels of progressive philanthropy.

By it, (the last named,) I mean the mysterious fact that mediumship bears no more relation to moral character or mental endowment than the gift of a ready reckoner, a musical voice or a beautiful countenance, and so far as we

know to the contrary our friends on the other side, like a once King of England, are obliged to work as he said of himself with "such tools as he had."

If but one telegraph was accessible to us and we had an important message to send, we would use the operator however much we might condemn his immoral character.

Hence it does not logically follow that our high-toned earthly friends, after becoming the companions of the spirits of "just men made perfect," in the Great Beyond, become more tolerant of wrong on the earth plane, than before their transition, but are obliged to use the only telegraph within their reach or lose the opportunity.

Mr. A. B. Richmond clearly demonstrates by his late unanswerable essay on the origin and immortality of the soul,—a production by the way, that every free thinker ought to read, that our individuality, or self-hood is the same on entering spirit life that it was in this, and that "a change would be equivalent to annihilation," but it does not follow that we may not there, as here, "cease to do evil and learn to do well." Virtue and happiness stand in relation of cause and effect as does vice and misery. "The way of the transgressor is hard," but it does clearly follow that the sooner every person adopts as a rule of his life, the practical observance of the lesson he may find, Matthew VII, 12, the greater will be his happiness immediately after emerging from the "dark valley of the shadow of death," and his misery will

be in proportion to the wrongs for which he is responsible in this life.

It is encouraging to see women so generally coming to the front in the educational and moralizing institutions of our country, and when the time

comes—and come it will—in which each one will constitute a political unit in State and Municipal Sovereignty, every sink of iniquity will be voted out of Town and Country and we shall have a clean Spiritualism.

STEER AHEAD!

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

YES, one might a good deal better go wide of his intended work in the exercise of his reason rather than to rely entirely upon the judgment of another. Nothing can be evolved from inertia—either in the physical or spiritual domain. Probably no greater force toward final perfection is within the possession of man than his reasoning powers. Long existent and widely prevalent incorrect ideas of life have prevented a more general understanding and application of these forces—the guiding forces—of individuals, hence, of principalities. As we gradually awake to a consciousness of this invisible rudder to our life boat, we naturally are somewhat timid about assuming full charge of it lest it strand

us on some unexpected shoal, or through our mismanagement precipitate us into surging waters. But if we never take the weapon into our own hands, if we never apply what knowledge or strength we now possess, we must ever drift with the tide or remain a prey to the caprice or ignorance of those in whose judgment we invest our welfare. Our reason is our passport, our only passport, into broader and richer fields of research and of usefulness. We can not otherwise unfold individually, nor perform our intended obligations to others. Earth life will not only expand under this regime, but thus, and thus only, can we sip the sweetest nectars of Heaven!

LIFE.

BY DR. JOHN ALLYN.

See through this air, this ocean and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Nature's etherial, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect! What no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee;
From thee to nothing.

WHERE the conditions of life exist, soil, moisture, warmth, there living forms exist very much suited to the environment. These living forms are perpetuated according to the laws of generation, each kind from a pre-existing one of the same species. The time was when the surface of our planet was a seething ocean of molten mineral unfit to sustain life of any kind, consequently none existed. How came living forms into existence? Science has endeavored in vain to solve this problem. Great efforts have been made to produce animal life by artificial combinations, independent of the pre-existent germ; but all have failed.

Sir Wm. Thompson, once President of the Royal Society, put forth the idea that life might have been brought to our planet on the fragments of an exploded meteorite, and no matter how humble the specimens all living beings might spring from them by the laws of progressive evolution discovered by Darwin. But this, if true, explains nothing, it only removes the question back from this to some other globe of infinite space. To say that they in their initiation sprung from God is but to hide our scientific ignorance behind a theological term. There is no more need of Divine interference to initiate

living forms than to continue them at every step of progress. All are alike beyond the power of scientific imitation.

The thought that I wish to present is, that the principle of life is immanent, and permeates all the universe like gravitation. That by virtue of this force wherever in the process of progressive evolution, wherever there is a nidus or environment suited to sustain living forms, there these forms in good time spring into existence by virtue of this pervading life force, and the environment of soil and climate. It signifies nothing against this that all efforts of scientists to produce living forms have failed. In the evolution of a planet there may be conditions so subtle and unique that they can not be imitated by the scientist in a glass or iron jar.

Let no Pecksniff say that this is atheistic. If God exists He is in every part of what we term nature—as much in every stage of living forms as in their initiation. This enquiry, like all science, pertains to the mode of procedure, and not to the deific quality of them. By this philosophy

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul.

It is a favorite method of some religionists to attribute everything they

can understand to nature, and what is beyond their ken to God.

It is consistent with this view that the spirit world is an environment suited to the existence of human beings relieved of the physical body; that this bodily life is a preparation, a nursery of such spirits to

fit them for such an environment.

As soon as they become fitted, by growth and unfoldment for a higher life, they graduate from this bodily existence, and enter spirit life, much as a musquito leaves its stagnant pool, puts out wings and enters the pure atmosphere.

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

BY DAVID HAYNES.

READING in the "Golden Gate" of Oct. 15, 1890, the piece entitled a *Spirit's Portrait*, called to my mind my experience a few years ago in Boston, Mass. It was at the time of the excitement over Mr. Mumler's claim that he could obtain spirit pictures of our departed friends. I went determined to investigate his claims for myself, being an entire stranger to him.

Upon my arrival at his house, the servant answered the bell and waited upon me to the parlor to await his return, as he and his wife had gone out for a ride. I found in the parlor a well educated gentleman from Germany, who had come to this country on some educational interests, leaving his wife and only son at home. He had received a message from his wife a few days before that his son went out for some exercise with his fowling-piece, and upon discharging it, the gun burst and he had to have his arm

taken off in consequence of the wound caused by it, and that he died from the effects of it in a few days, and this son had never been in this country.

I am sorry that I cannot recall the name of the German and I have lost his card that he gave me. He said he had many opposers of his belief in spirit return and communion in his country, and thought if Mr. Mumler did actually get spirit pictures as he was sure he did after having the sitting and seeing the negative. He thought it would be a substantial proof, as Mr. Mumler had never seen the gentleman's son and could have no means of getting the spirit picture except in the way that he succeeded so admirably.

The father of the young man being a believer in spirit return, hearing what was said of Mr. Mumler, had been there a few days before and had a sitting for a picture and they were to be ready for him that day; and he was waiting for Mr. Mumler's return

to get his pictures, and while we were talking the matter over, Mr. M. and wife returned and he apologized for keeping us waiting, and asked his wife if she would step up to the studio, (up two flights of stairs) and bring the pictures for the German. When she returned with them, she handed some of them to me for my inspection, and over the shoulder of the father's picture was the shadowy picture of his deceased son, but plain and distinct as the photograph of the son that the father *then* took from his pocket to show me. The resemblance was so striking that no one could be mistaken in the real identity of the son.

I asked the German if Mr. Mumler knew that he had his son's portrait with him, and he replied that "Mr. Mumler knew nothing of my son's portrait until after the negative of the spirit picture had been developed, and I am positive that Mr. Mumler can do what he claims."

Mr. Mumler then showed me an en-

larged picture of Abraham Lincoln's wife with a spirit picture of Mr. Lincoln looking over her right shoulder; and the picture of the son that passed to spirit life while Mr. Lincoln was President, was plainly visible. Mr. Mumler gave me the history of *how they were obtained*, which I will give you in another communication if you think it would be of interest to the readers of your valuable paper. You may make what use you think best of this communication, but I am satisfied in my own mind that these spirit pictures were what they purported to be; and that the way they were obtained could be done by other photographers *with the same means that Mr. Mumler had*. I go in for the facts of Spiritualism of which I have been a careful investigator for fifteen years, and I have had very convincing proofs of the facts of *Materialization*, and know that eventually, the "Truth will come uppermost," and *sometime will justice be done*.

MUSIC.

BY ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

Sweet passions are 'wakened within me,
New thoughts that I never can name;
New truths that I knew but as visions
Appear in their translucent flame.

My soul is possessed with a yearning
Which makes my life joyful and free,
And I hear strange sounds in the silence;
That speak in love's accents to me.

Dear voices that long have been silenced,
Come clear and sweet on my ear;
In tones unspeakably tender,
And I know that the angels are near.

Oh music, thy sweet sounds have conquered,
My soul is awake to the past,
The present is grandly transfigured,
And my star shineth bright to the last.

THE SUN ANGEL ORDER OF LIGHT.

BY MRS. S. E. WOODRUFF.

WITH your kind permission I come with greetings of love and glad tidings of great joy, to my Brothers and Sisters of the S. A. O. of Light.

Beloved, fear not, nor let your hearts be troubled—for notwithstanding the many obstacles that ever strew the pathway of pioneer movements, our Divine Order is marching grandly on to glory and to victory.

Dear Ones, be assured, I know whereof I speak when I say never before has a pioneer movement made such grand strides in so short a time, as those made by the S. A. O. of L.

Already our six-pointed star shines with its own effulgence in England, Australia, South America, Canada and many of the States and Territories of our own country. And never before have pioneers been so amply rewarded for their efforts as have been the pioneers of this movement. For never before within the written history of the planet has a reformatory movement been planned, organized, and its workers set to active business by lofty angels who themselves have become superior to materiality. In other words have finished the work given them to do for themselves, i. e. to be able to control matter. And, notwithstanding the many assertions to the contrary, made *only by those* who know not *whereof they speak*. I assure you, that never before, since the incorporation of our Order has there been a time,

when so many grand souls were interesting themselves and applying for membership, as are at the present time. And never before in the history of the world, have the folding doors between this, and the higher spirit spheres been so completely thrown open as they are to-day. Would all ye, who have eyes to see, ears to hear, understanding to comprehend my words, might have been with me for the past twelve months.

Would ye might have seen the lofty angels that come from the spirit spheres of their own home planets, as they come to us at the home center at Mexico, N. Y. Even at our last order circle, would ye might have seen the glorious Colleva from the higher spirit spheres of the planet Mars, and listened to her wondrous discourse upon that planet. Space forbids more than a brief outline, but this much I will give. She stated the planet Mars was greatly in advance of the earth. That the mechanical arts had well nigh reached perfection, that there were rivers, hills, plains, railroads, canals, bridges, in short everything that we have here, only on a vastly superior and more perfected scale. Also that each one present there, had lived and enjoyed a far more harmonious life on that planet, than the life we are living here. All owing to the greater spiritual unfoldment of the planet and its children. Would that I might tell

you more, but I must hasten to the lovely Neoffa from the higher spirit spheres of the planet Celestia, and as one idea at least that she advanced, I think will equally interest each child of the Order, so I will try and give it you, as nearly as it is possible for me to do. She said *this*, was BY FAR, the more important incarnation, than any we had ever known. As mother Saidie's mission to earth had well nigh reached its consummation, that those who within the present century, responded to a call for volunteers to come earthward, to be here at this particular time, *are here*, in a double capacity, not only to become teachers and radiators of those higher truths that are now being brought to earth, *for the first time* and which through those incarnated for that purpose, will be given to the children proper of the earth. But that the incarnated teachers, are expected to finish the work for themselves, that the All Father has given each child to do; to conquer all lesser good of his own being, and thus gain his angelhood, which means no more incarnations for the child who thus conquers. Thus he that conquers himself is greater than he that taketh a city. She also said that in the seventh sphere of each planet, there was a wondrous temple, in which hangs the life picture of each child of the planet. And that each day, as we unrelentingly uproot the evils of our own selves, the errors and mistakes of all other former lives disappear, and in time, when we have finally conquered all, the picture will stand out in all its

glorious perfection. Think you not, dear ones, we have something to live and work for. But lest I am intruding too long, I will pass to the glorious Carlozela from the spheres of the planet Venus. Words would fail me were I to attempt a description of her loveliness. Suffice it to say she was more, yea much more, than it was possible for me to imagine. She walked up to me, looked into my eyes, then taking my hands in her's told me things that filled my soul with joy and gladness. Then taking a tablet, she with her own angel hands, wrote *me* her autograph, which will ever be a happy reminder of her words to me. Think you not dear ones, such demonstrations as those described given under light sufficient to see the different shades of hair and eyes are not enough to dispel any shadow of a doubt that might rest in the minds of any by the occasional unkind denunciations by those who know not whereof they speak.

Again I say let not your hearts be troubled, but be of good cheer, for as surely as the sun shines by day and the stars by night, our S. A. O. of Light has come to stay, and ere long will become a power for good in the land, *such as* this sorrowful star has *never before known*. And how can this be brought about? Simply by the powerful *influences*, that those lofty ones will be able through their faithful earth workers, to bring to bear upon the minds and hearts of those who occupy high places in every and all departments of life.

Saidie brings no sword, but extends

the olive branch of peace and good will. She would that all cease to do wrong and learn to do right. Old doctrine you say? Yes, but the diamond of eighteen hundred years ago, *is a diamond still*. The difference 'twixt the then and now is *this*, we receive the words from the lips of mother Saidie herself. Also are taught by her, of the meaning and purpose of this life, with equally clear explanations of that wondrous future that lies just beyond.

Then, loved and angel watched ones, keep ever before you, the prize of your high calling. Falter not though loud and fierce the waves of an outside world may lash. Remember 'tis ours to conquer, and go home triumphant. Remember our Elder Brother was hated when in this world, because, he was not of this world. *We should*

scorn to be heirs and joint heirs with him in glory, if we are not willing to share his persecutions. For, dear ones, remember *we* are already living in the day of the fulfillment of that prophecy "When that which is perfect has come, we shall see face to face." And only last evening, in the hearing of a goodly number, mother Saidie said, "Fear not little flock, for Saidie assures you, that the S. A. O. of Light has come to stay. Nor is it in the power of puny man, to stay its progress." And I assure you, neither can heights nor depths, nor principalities, nor powers, deprive or separate us from the loving guidance of our Wisdom Mother Saidie. But I must close, and will do so, by wishing each one God speed in their onward march to the sweet summer land of redeemed souls.

TEACHINGS OF THE ORDER,

Given by Spirit Saidie, of the Oriental Band, in the Heavens, through the mediumship of Mrs. E. S. Fox, Scribe for the Sun Angels Order of Light. Children in Earthland, Greetings to each one:

From the first establishment of the Order in the land, Saidie loves, Saidie has given to you but fact, proven in the Life that is, in the land where crowned angels dwell. She has voiced no chimera needing proof that only can be found in the investigations of mortals, although she bids each child look within and find actual proof of the wisdom of her teachings comparing with the demands made upon your belief or disbelief by your inner percep-

tions of truth, lighted by the reason the Infinite has planted within the nature of every child. It were wise to allow the indwelling Spirit full power to judge of all teachings, given by either mortal or spirit. Fewer would be the failures to comprehend and judge wisely, if man would but allow the spiritual part of his nature to rule in the domain of mind, where only the highest and holiest should find dwelling place. Children, within

the sanctuary of your soul, Saidie would see only purity and peace reign. Keep that sacred place pure as the Temple of the All Wise, opening the door thereof to no unworthy thought or unholy purpose. Bid the Soul's Guardian, loving welcome there; allow the pure angels to enter with their holy aspirations; and their inspirations will loop back the curtains that hinder the full light of wisdom from shining within. and you will no longer wander in the fields of doubt, nor will a blind faith inspire your life, and rob you oft of your deserved happiness.

Peace and happiness are for every child of the Father to enjoy; they are the inheritance of each one, and only ignorance and superstition place insurmountable barriers before the earth pilgrim, who, while he is gaining wisdom may yet enjoy the gifts of an All-Father's bountiful Love. Saidie looks o'er the condition of the world to-day, and she sees the results of ignorance and bigotry that have filled the land with crime, sorrow and suffering. Mankind does not need the terrible tide of lesser good that is flowing through your land to-day. The law of the Infinite has not brought forth these dark conditions, nor is it powerless to banish these, and set mankind free from the thralldom of evil, and bring a counteracting tide of good, that will in good time bring light from darkness and order from chaos.

The earth was born in conditions of inharmony, and its children, through the power vested in their brains have evolved through evil thoughts, condi-

tions that live and are able to reproduce themselves. Let a new form of worship be given from a brain holding within itself the power to produce this, and a host of followers are ready to accept, follow, and if need be suffer martyrdom for the cause considered sacred and divine. History has proven this in the past; humanity have grown insane through over anxiety to know what of the future, if there be a life after the change called death. This intense desire to penetrate the world unseen, to become reconciled to a being living only in the mythical lore of the race, has given rise to foolish ideas that were allowed to clothe themselves with garments of reality and become living identities, and has built the heavens and hells, and peopled them with creatures born of human brains.

Children, to you the state of the land may at times seem hopeless, but Wisdom Angels know the Law of the Father will bear humanity safely and surely over the strong tide. Saidie bids each loved one be strong and fearless, for you must battle with foes both seen and unseen. But fear you not, the Citadel of Truth is strong. Reason holds the fortress; Right, Truth and Justice live and will make their abode within every human soul. There are masses whose thoughts never rise to seek the God of the Universe, but there will come a time when the voice within will call unto the God without, and a new birth will bring them into the Light of Deity; a new baptism will endow them with their

immortal natures. Then they will begin to live for a higher and nobler purpose. Will begin to unfold their divine natures, and journey through matter with higher conceptions of life and its true mission. Leave to the world an immortal legacy, children, whom Saidie loves, for Saidie has loved the planet long; her hopes are centered in its redemption, you are light bearers to its shores. Let your light shine bright and clear. You are nearing home; already you hear notes wafted to you upon the breezes that fan the far away hills; notes that have familiar sound, carrying the mind of your spirit back into some half-remem-

bered scene and life, and you feel the baptisms of peace that fall upon your souls like heavenly dews. Do each one your work well, that no retracing paths be paved wherein you must walk, for Saidie assures each one, their hearts will long for the joys and the peace of home. And Saidie would accomplish her mission to the planet: she would see the mad waves and billows of unrest, stilled to peace. Attract to each inner being the pure dove of peace; live in the light of the Higher Spheres, and Angel Messengers will attend you on your journey to the land of the blest. Peace be with you.

J. B. FAYETTE,

President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels Order of Light,
Oswego.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

BY STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

It was fifty years ago, my love,
It was fifty years to-day;
You were the fairest of all fair maids—
Tho' now you are old and gray.

Your form was then as the stately palm—
Your eyes had the sapphire's glow,
Your tresses then were like threads of gold—
Your brow like the winter snow.

I felt that day, long ago, my love,
The flush of a lover's pride—
And Heaven itself could give no more
When I clasped my willing bride.

I see you yet as you stood that day
As pale as your orange wreath;
Over your breast swept your bridal veil—
Your heart was as pure beneath.

I loved my bride with a love untold—
With a joy that filled my life;
But I found, O love, in years to come
That dearer still was my wife.

When the babe first born lay on your breast
Like a lily blossom fair,
There was room I found for something more—
For an added love was there.

So for us, sweet wife, the years went by—
Children were born—children died—
Life bro't mingled its pleasure and pain,
But you were still at my side.

For fifty years, O love, at my side!
Daughters have married and gone,
The boys are scattered over the world—
Our life together flows on.

And they are coming to us, my love,
On our golden wedding day,
In our home will young grandchildren sing
And our great grandchildren play.

They think and say we are old to-day—
Life for us is cold and strange—
But youth immortal is ours, my own,
In a love time cannot change.

You are fairer now, with snowy locks,
Than when they were sunny gold;
I love you better, my own dear one,
Than I did in days of old.

For we are wedded, my love, in soul,
Nor alone for mortal life;
Our golden wedding will be beyond
When I claim again my wife.

MR. GILES B. STEBBINS NEW WORK.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

THE world's literature has recently been enriched by the publication of a new book by Mr. Giles B. Stebbins, entitled "Upward Steps of Seventy Years, Autographic, Biographic, Historic." It is issued by the United States Book Company, 142 to 150 Worth St., New York, and it sells for \$1.50.

This work partakes somewhat of the nature of an autobiography of Mr. Stebbins, but this part of the book seems largely to be simply of the nature of a communist foundation upon which to build up a series of sketches of the success in reforms of the last fifty years and of the many valorous champions engaged in the prosecution of those reforms, [with whom Mr. Stebbins has been associated. Spiritualists are well acquainted with the long years of faithful service to natural religion, the spiritual philosophy, woman suffrage, anti-slavery, and other measures of progress, with which brother Stebbins has crowned his life. With pen and voice he has labored for humanity and its best interests. It is therefore to be regretted that he has not extended the autobiographical portion of his volume. We would all like to be told a little more about the author and what he has himself done in behalf of true progress and moral and social reform.

We find in this work graphic pen-pictures of the old Puritan days in New England, during Mr. Stebbins' youth,

and of the various stages of growth of the several reforms in sociology and religion since that period,—including sketches of the most active workers therein. Two chapters are specially devoted to Spiritualism and Psychic Science Research, in which are narrated a number of incidents of spiritual manifestations of value and interest. Among the movements treated in this well-written work may be mentioned these: the transcendentalism of New England, with charming glimpses of W. E. Channing, Theodore Parker and John Pierpont; the anti-slavery cause, with sketches of W. Lloyd Garrison, Henry C. Wright, Gerritt Smith, and a number of other pioneers in that grand reform; the Quakers or Friends with notices of Lucretia Mott, Isaac T. Hopper and others; the woman suffrage, temperance and peace reforms and their promoters, etc., etc.

Among the "world's helpers and light-bringers" we find narratives of Prof. Wm. Denton, E. B. Ward, Vice President B. F. Wade, John Brown and various others. The work concludes with a chapter upon the "Religious Outlook—Coming Reforms." This book should find a place in the library of every Spiritualist, and of every moral and social reformer. Its style is impressive yet simple; its tone is healthful, uplifting; its contents are bracing, instructive, inspiring. I wish it every success.

FROM DARKNESS UNTO LIGHT.

BY ELLA WILSON MARCHANT.

I HAD a brother-in-law whose lot in life had been one of hard struggle, and the last few years of his mortal existence were full of carking care, anxiety, bereavement and bitter disappointments. He had labored hard to get a start in life but circumstances had been against him. From the mines and cattle raising on the Sierra Nevadas, he removed to a ranch in the valley on the Feather River, where the slickens and other adverse influences counteracted all his efforts, and rendered almost fruitless his life of hard and unremitting toil. Discouraged at length, he returned to an abandoned drift mine upon the mountains, hoping yet to be able to find "good pay" in that. He was an ordinary man, of fair character, but possessed of but little spirituality, and that little had been almost crushed out by care and toil and disappointment. He was a skeptic or materialist. I think I never heard him speak of the hereafter but once, and then he said he wondered if it would not be something like dreaming; if we would not float around in a sort of dreamy half-consciousness, not knowing whether we were awake or asleep. His fruitless struggles had made him almost desperate, and he said one day, in a joke that might have been half earnest, that if his mining effort proved a failure he was going to turn highwayman.

Just about the time he and his part-

ner thought they had found a rich vein of ore, the mine caved in and he was so badly crushed that it was thought he could not live an hour; but he lived a year and four days, although perfectly helpless, the spine being fractured, and several ribs broken. Although he suffered greatly, he held on to life with a tenacity that seemed almost impossible to be overcome. But at length the body reduced to a skeleton, and the mind almost a blank, he gradually faded out his life, murmuring, at the last, something about the darkness.

I was in the distant part of the State when the tidings reached me that he was dead. In my heart I said, "Thank God! He has gone at last. His sufferings are ended." It was in the evening when the tidings came, and when I retired to my room for the night, my mind was full of thoughts of him and his previous sufferings. I was just becoming a Spiritualist at the time, and so did not understand so much about spirit influence as I do now. But I soon experienced what I felt must have been the condition of my brother-in-law's spirit at the time of its exit from the body, if not at that time. A thick cloud of horror and gloom seemed to gather around me, and the words, "Oh! the horror of darkness!" came again and again, as great shudders of horror shook my frame. It seemed—as I have since frequently expressed it—so though my soul were buried under a

mountain's weight of darkness. I covered my face with my hands, and it seemed as though I must give way to loud wailings and lamentations; but with a strong effort of the will, I managed to throw off a portion of the burden, and retired for the night. But all through the night I kept waking, with the great horror of darkness still seemingly resting upon my spirit.

A few weeks after this a sensitive became suddenly controlled in my presence to personate my brother-in-law. He wept as in sore anguish of spirit, and begged me to help him, to tell him what to do to get out of the horrible darkness which engulfed him. "I can't see anything. I can't see anybody. I can't see anywhere. Oh, what shall I do to get out of this?" I was such a novice in Spiritualism that I hardly knew how to advise him, but did the best I could. When he had left the medium, my father came and took possession. I called his attention to my brother-in-law. "Can't you help him?" I asked. The reply was, "We are doing all we can for him, but he is so weak that he can not yet perceive us."

A few weeks passed and he again came to me through the same unprofessional medium. Then he had come to his senses, as it were, and could report progress.

That was seven years ago. A year or two passed away, and then I had a very impressive and significant dream of him. I saw his wife, my sister, enclosed within a rather small and narrow orbit, which I interpreted to mean

her present life-sphere. Though apparently active within that sphere, she seemed to see nothing beyond, while just outside the line which marked the boundary of her sphere stood her former husband, looking at her with a pleading expression in his eyes, and then looking at me, who stood on the opposite side from himself. His looks seemed to plead with me to call the attention of my sister to him, as though he wished to speak to her, to make known to her some wish or desire, or to receive recognition from her of his presence. But she seemed to be entirely oblivious of him, and I also seemed to be powerless to attract her attention, or make her aware of the nearness of him who so much longed to communicate with her. (That has been as true in fact, as it was in my dream.)

In the fall of 1887, a medium in Tulare, who has since gone to spirit life, personated him, indicating by signs and motions, that he had been a gold-digger, and showing the cause of his death.

In December, 1889, Maud Lord Drake, held a seance at my home, in San Bernardino. This seance I have spoken of in a former article, entitled, "A Voice from the 'Echoless Shore.'" Early in the sitting Mrs. Drake announced the presence of one who came to me who had died by an accident. I spoke the name of my brother-in-law, and an affirmative response was given in raps on the guitar.

"Well, C—," said I, "I am glad you are here."

"I am glad to be here," was the re-

sponse, plainly spoken, in a loud whisper directly in front of me.

He was recognized again during the evening, standing with his hands upon the head of my daughter, for whom he had manifested considerable affection when in the form. I asked again if it were he, and the hand came down upon me with the whispered response, "It is."

Now I come to the last communication which I received from him. It was at the Summerland Camp meeting, and came through that excellent medium and noble woman, Mrs. Edith Nickless. I was sitting on the edge of the platform at her feet, while she was giving tests at the conclusion of a public lecture. All at once her form bent suddenly forward and downward, as if a heavy weight had been dropped upon the shoulders, and in a distressed tone she cried out: "Oh! Here comes the spirit of one who was crushed to death. Oh! What a bad feeling! It hurts my medium! Is it for you?" she said turning, and holding out her hand to me.

"Yes," I said, "he comes to me, too;" for I had received a magnetic shock almost before her first words were spoken.

"He was a skeptic?" said the medium

"Yes, I said."

"He comes to you with a feeling of gratitude, as though he wanted to go down upon his knees to thank you for what you had done for him. He says, 'You were the first to help me after I passed over. You let me out of darkness; you broke the bonds that held me, and set me free. But I can begin to do something for you, now. I can bring you forces to help you when you need help; and I will work with those who are assisting you in your life-work'."

Can we not see in this experience—as well as in many others—an incentive to work, not only for our own soul advancement, but for the amelioration and enlightenment of all mankind—for those who are crushed down by life's burdens, that their conditions may be made better, and they may have opportunities for developing their spiritual natures? And may we not also learn what important and blessed aid we may afford the poor undeveloped souls who may be drawn to us, by understanding ourselves, the spiritual philosophy, living good and true lives, and sending out our tenderest sympathies to all who may be in need of them?



WORK FOR HUMANITY.

BY J. L. JONES.

WE work for humanity and for ourselves at the same time when we work to best advantage. The misery of the world is due to the incapacity of mankind to perceive the truest elements of happiness. Most people are born in comparatively gross spiritual conditions, and as there is as yet no way of purifying these conditions and little knowledge of how to develop spiritual or solar powers, they go through life in spiritual blindness, much like clams in shells, missing the greatest share of life for want of education and opportunity. Spiritual or solar faculties can not now be developed to any great extent on account of the gross and sordid condition of public opinion, the ignorance and inharmony of the race as a whole.

The individual who develops himself thereby enlightens humanity. You can't force water or anything else through a channel which is closed up. You must have an opening. Just so with Truth. Those who won't speak out and *act* out the truth that they receive, close the channel of communication. They blind their own windows and live in the dark.

Many evils oppress humanity. War is one of the greatest. It arises from hatred of one another. Intemperance and impurity arise from want of capacity to perceive the superior conditions of purity and virtue. Greed, avarice and selfishness are also impure, gross

and discordant conditions. Universal disease and mental and spiritual torpor are the results or accompaniments. All these evils are the symptoms of one universal disease, which comes because of undeveloped humanity.

For all evil there is one remedy—the development of the soul-nature with its dual elements of Sympathy and Intelligence.

We must have Sympathy to realize the miseries of humanity; we must have Intelligence to remedy them. Here follows a propaganda and *modus operandi* for those who would enlist in the work of universal reform of amelioration of the conditions of the race:

To create public opinion averse to wars. To know the causes and results of wars. To create a social opinion averse to quarrels, lawsuits, selfishness, dishonesty, slander, jealousies, rivalries, evil speaking and evil thinking about others. These are wars among individuals which create such sad havoc, and hinder the noblest progression.

Those who truly work for humanity will use their wealth if they have any to further their work, and to strengthen the forces of others who are fitted to work in this capacity. Those who don't know how to work with a coherent purpose to a definite end are only meddlers who destroy with one hand what they build with the other.

Those who do not work for the good of others, but on the contrary only

labor for selfish purposes, are sowing a crop which will be very unprofitable to reap by-and-by.

In working for humanity we must classify and arrange on one side the evils to be rejected, and on the other the good to be chosen. On the one side we find war, hate, selfishness, avarice, impurity, ignorance, the destructive and deteriorating forces; on the other we find temperance, liberty, intelligence, health, purity, charity, peace, good-will, the constructive and harmonizing forces.

Intelligence organizes and builds up life by assimilating the constructive and wholesome elements. Ignorance in

its structures defeats itself. Ignorance and evil are impotent and self-destructive. Wisdom is a self-constructive power.

The world is full of effigies in cloth, of abortions and failures, caricatures more or less gross of the true image of a man—

Oh, what base, ignoble faces!
Oh, what bodies without souls!

The work of wisdom is to take these traveling automaton, expurgate the evils, restore the drooping spirits, renew the worn out and wasted bodies, and make living men and women of them. To resurrect out of the dry bones the true spiritual man.

DREAMS.

BY LYMAN L. PALMER.

Weary and worn with a long day's toil
 'Neath the rays of a burning sun,
Homeward returning as night comes on,
 With his work for the day all done.
Softly he slumbers and bright are his dreams
 Of a land that is full of sweet rest,
Where there is never a pain or a plaint,
 And the sorrowing ever are blest.
 He wakes and sighs,
 With tearful eyes:
 " 'Tis but a dream;
 Would God 'twere true."

* * * * *

Weary and worn with a long life's toil,
 Burdened with care, acquainted with woe;
Friends are all gone, none are left to him now;
 And alone through the valley of death he must go.
Softly the angel has touched the dim eyes;
 Earthly sorrows and scenes are all past;
Visions of glory inutterably bright
 Fill his soul with sweet joy, he is home at last.
 He wakes and cries,
 With glad surprise:
 " 'Tis not a dream;
 Thank God 'tis true."

CHICAGO, ILL., Feb. 1891.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY MARIAN K. LA RANSIEUR.

GOETHE says, "Time is infinitely long, and every day is a vessel into which much may be poured if we fill it up to the brim." We all have work of doing good continually before us; binding up the broken heart, assuaging the sorrows and sufferings of our fellow creatures, following the commands of the Infinite; from which we must not shrink or falter. We have just crossed the threshold of the year 1891. How little we know what the next twelve months may have in store for us—we can not tell whether it will be dark or bright; whether we shall be blest with health and happiness, or crushed by sorrow and sickness—be that as it may, we must faithfully bear the cross if we would wear the crown of immortal blessing. We must set selfishness in the background and seek the good of others without thought of self. Spiritualists should devote a short time each day to the reception of spirit friends; receive them in perfect quiet and seclusion if we would bring them nearer to us, then the moments

will be fraught with tender, sacred recollections, and we would be strengthened and refreshed by these spirit visitations, and our intuitions quickened. When I heard the bells commence to ring at midnight the following words presented themselves to me:

How quickly the old year is dying,
The requiem we hear on the air,
Through the rain and wind which are flying
To hide—like a thief in despair.
Old Time marked his flight on the door;
The dead year will never return;
Oh ring the bells softly, Old Year is no more!
Its ashes are laid in earth's urn.

Let us all commence the year hopefully, and be ardent in the work before us of trying to do something for the cause so dear to all Spiritualists. If our lives here are pure and noble, when the spirit leaves its tenement of clay all will be well with the spirit which—

With rapturous flood of joy,
On bright victorious wing,
Will soar away to realms on high,
To a fairer, brighter Spring.

May all the readers of the GOLDEN WAY have a happy, successful year, and may they be legion.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

BY MRS. R. J. WALCOTT.

BUT few people of this city are acquainted with the wonderful phenomenon which occurs in the presence of Mrs. E. D. White, at present located at No. 216 Devisadero street, in this

city. The lady is of large, commanding figure, sweet, noble face, every expression and gesture replete with vitality and magnetic power, yet withal so modest and unassuming that her

marvelous powers are unknown beyond a limited circle of loving friends, but through reverses and adversity, which compel the resort to some effort for support, her beautiful gifts are becoming known. A gentleman widely known in business circles, but a pronounced sceptic in spiritual matters, though an earnest investigator, at one time expressed his conviction of the impossibility of spirit to bring any article from a distance, such as flowers or any material substance. There were three persons present—the gentlemen referred to, Mrs. White, and the writer, who insisted that such phenomena were frequent in the presence of Mrs. Simpson of Chicago, Mrs. Hollis Billings formerly of the same city, Mrs. Stewart of Terre Haute, and a few others, though a rare and marvelously beautiful phenomenon. As no person can be convinced of the Unusual, except through the testimony of their own senses, the statement was refuted as impossible. We had scarcely commenced singing the favorite hymn of “Nearer my God to Thee,” when a shower of flowers, roses, heliotrope and

pinks, still wet with dew, dropped, or were seemingly flung over and about us. There had previously been no flowers in the house nor near, it was near the business portion of the city. The occurrence was frequently repeated, varied with fruits, and even vegetables, until our small circles were interrupted. Slate writing, audible spirit voices and magnetic healing are among the gifts of the spirit to this gifted medium. A piece of clean paper held for an instant between her hands will cling to the wall of the room like a living thing. In the darkness bright lights are visible, loud raps and spirit voices are distinctly audible. Circumstances have forced this gifted lady from the safe seclusion of domestic life to the world that has never been over kind to these evangelists of Heaven, whose mission it is to bring light into dark places and comfort where grief and sorrow have been. Although Mrs. White is but a novice in the science or religion of Spiritualism, the power for good of one so gifted is beyond estimate.

THE GOLDEN WAY.

BY ELLA WILSON MARCHANT.

SO THE GOLDEN GATE has led up to the GOLDEN WAY. Well if it be a true expositor of Spiritualism it may well be called the GOLDEN WAY, for nothing that has ever come to this erstwhile darkened world of ours has ever poured such floods of golden sun-

light upon the way of life as has our heaven-born Spiritualism, the child as we might say of this wonderful nineteenth century, now drawing so near its close. How it has lightened up the gloom that formerly hung over the dreaded unknown future! and

how it has smoothed out the hitherto tangled snarls of the meanings of life, its purposes, the whys and wherefores of its otherwise inexplicable experiences. It has turned the light of hope upon the deepest, darkest depths of earth's sorrowing, suffering conditions, and bids the lowest in the scale of development, the most degraded outcast, the most heart-broken mourner to look up and smile; for there is a glorious future for all, an eternity of opportunity for progress and development, in which the weakest, most unpromising embryos of immortal life may be unfolded to the highest possibilities of angelhood; in which the outcast may find home and friends and happiness; the fallen rise and ascend to loftier and still loftier heights; and the mourner regain, and more than regain, yea, a thousand fold, all that he is supposed to have lost by the change called Death.

It is well, too, that woman should be active in the spreading of this light that gleams from the golden way of spiritual truth, for it has done, and is doing very much for her emancipation from the thralldom of the dark ages of the past, and the gyves that have been forged for her through interested priestcraft.

It is said that Dr. Buckley, Editor of the *New York Christian Advocate*, voiced the true reason for the opposition manifested by the M. E. Conference toward women delegates, by shouting out, "Remember, brethren, every time you put a woman in, you put a man

Spiritualism has signalized itself in a thousand ways, as the advocate and promoter of woman's enfranchisement, and elevation to that plane where she can do the most good, not only for her own sex, but for all humanity; only as woman rises does man rise.

Abbie A. Judson, the daughter of Adoniram Judson of foreign missionary fame, and who for years was herself an ardent member of the Baptist Church, said in a recent letter to the writer, "Spiritualism is to me an ever-increasing delight." She who had an earnest, self-sacrificing Christian father; who saw the so-called gospel of Christ carried into foreign and (as they are called by us) heathen lands; who for years was herself an earnest conscientious worker in the faith promulgated by her father; an able, intelligent, sincere woman. *She* can say this of our beloved, and yet, by many, despised Spiritualism. Is it not because, being an honest and earnest inquirer for the truth, she can appreciate the great difference between the white light of spiritual truth in its power to illumine the world, and the murky, lurid flame of theological dogma with its horrid pictures of the future destiny of man?

May the GOLDEN WAY prosper, and, above all, may it ever hold up the true light that the rays proceeding from it may lighten up many of the dark corners of earth, and be a large factor in spreading that truth which is fast revolutionizing our world.

AN IMPROMPTU SEANCE.

BY AUGUSTUS HATCH.

AS I was gazing out into the northeast snow storm now raging in all its fury, and watching the vain efforts of the horses in the street to shield their eyes from the pitiless elements, my thoughts turned for relief to the west. As my experience there passed in panorama before my vision, I remembered an afternoon at Mrs. Fairchild's, on Larkin street, San Francisco, and that the "*conditions*" were not favorable for good manifestations, much to our regret. I am impressed to attempt a description of a seance with Mrs. H. B. Fay, at Onset, Mass., feeling that my powers of pen painting will fail to do justice to the event. As some of the circle may be known to you and would gladly give evidence of the truthfulness of my account, I will give the names: Dr. Storer, former president of the Onset Society, Mrs. Coffin, Mr. Fulke, Dr. Musso and Dr. James Richardson, with five others including my wife and myself.

The seance was an impromptu one, and the room in which it was held was in Major Griffin's cottage. The cabinet consisted of a curtain across the corner of the room. The medium was seated in the cabinet and in a second a form appeared and was recognized as Emma, the wonderful cabinet spirit, who after speaking to us retired, and the form of an Indian woman, who said she was a control of Mrs. Coffin came out, and was introduced by her medium to the circle,

and she took each one by the hand; she was succeeded by a colored lady, who gave the name of Clohe, and claimed Dr. Storer as an acquaintance; of course this raised a laugh at the expense of the Doctor; which subsided however when the Doctor remarked that she was the nurse of his early years and held in great respect by him. Next came an Indian chief in full regalia to me and began speaking in an unknown tongue. but upon my saying I did not understand, spoke in English, and made me know him as Golden Rod, guide of a local medium here. Many others came: Dr. J. P. Greenleaf, Allen Putnam, and a number we had known in earth life. We can say they were easily recognizable and no mistake as to identity could be made. As wonderful as all this was, a still greater wonder was in waiting, and it came.

The spirit Emma came out and borrowed a handkerchief of one of the circle, then calling for more light, took Mr. Fulke to the centre of the room and by a few passes and movements of her hands enlarged the handkerchief and made a garment which completely covered Mr. Fulke. She then dematerialized, but in an instant she again came from the cabinet and removed the garment from the bewildered Mr. Fulke. made a few passes and presto there was the article as she received it from the owner. Returning it to him, she bade us good night.

We had begun to rise when the hoarse voice of Auntie said, "Wait, bring the lamp into the room and turn it up all it will bear." This was done and there between the curtains stood a beautiful spirit for at least two minutes, that was all.

Such is an impartial description of one seance with Mrs. Fay, and because I thought you might know Dr. Storer

or others, I have selected it; but we have been present at many seances still more wonderful.

Mrs. Fay is a German lady of a deep religious nature, honest and true above deception; a grand woman, loved for her womanly qualities and respected for her sterling worth. Tried for fifteen years and proved true.

THE SHIP AND THE BARNACLES!

BY WILLARD J. HULL.

From "The Freethinkers' Magazine," January 1891.

A WISE teacher hath said: "There is but one sin, which is ignorance." And judging by the singleness of purpose and the gigantic stride with which people now and then rush in where angels fear to tread, the fact is recognized and a herculean effort being made to show the world that they are not sinners. This is applicable to that large and magnificent progeny of Mother Nature who, in their haste to hold more wisdom than they can comprehend, reject and ridicule Spiritualism because certain charlatans and fakirs exhibit their own true character. Persons looking at the subject from a material and prejudicial stand-point, never see anything in Spiritualism except that which their own minds, fostered by education and nursed by tradition, regard as derogatory elements of a prejudged theory.

I propose to deal with these deroga-

tories or objections, giving them their full value and pointing out their place in the retardation of Spiritualism, and I desire the objector, the cynic, the satirist and the scoffer to reap all the comfort that can be gleaned from an impartial and disinterested exposure of pretense and delusion. For I am going to use the pruning-knife for the next hour, let the dead branches and fungus fall where they may. But mark! I do this as a Spiritualist, not as a paid hireling who, in the interests of his employers and the false assumption that he reflects public opinion, befouls the columns of a newspaper, periodical or magazine with screeds against the sublimest truths. Not as a pretended Christian who reads in his book of authority about the transfiguration of his master and the vision of John on the Isle of Patmos, and then tells his hearers that all spiritual manifestations

have been proven over and over again to be fraudulent or the work of the devil.

And I call upon Spiritualists to weigh my words and tell me if I fail in portraying the grandeur of Spiritualism by reason of the attention paid to the fads that have become fastened to it and which essay to teach the source of their sustenance wisdom.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge, in her "History of American Spiritualism," makes this observation, and fresh evidence of its truthfulness multiplies every day: "The most severe blows that Spiritualism has sustained have been those aimed by unprincipled and avaricious mediums, who, when manifestations failed to come as freely as the circumstances required, practiced imposition to supply the deficiency." To which might be added, with equal truth, that credulity which, robin-like, gulps down everything, and that arrogance and supercilious egotism which turns scientific inquiry into a farce. There are two grand divisions in the ranks of Spiritualists, and they have grown upon one or the other of two doctrines: "Believe, but don't test anything," and "Test and, if the evidence be sufficient, believe." The one saying to the skeptic, here are the results of scientific investigation, a Wallace, a Crookes, a Varley, a Hare, a Denton, a Foye, a Zollner, an Aksakoff, have been to this fount; the other saying, man knows less than he did ten thousand years ago, and because ancient chemists tell us that garlic and rosemary are the antidote for all the

ills in the vocabulary of human diseases, including evil spirits, therefore the results of modern chemistry, paleontology and obstetrics must be relegated to the archives of musty theory. Which is to prevail? Now I maintain that Spiritualism is of value only in the degree that spirituality, wisdom and love are unfolded by reason of the knowledge of spirit communion. Failure to improve the mental and spiritual powers and perceptions leaves the individual amid the excitements and visionary dependencies of wonderland. This is the distinction, broad and well defined, which in my judgment, exists between the Spiritualists and the Spiritist. The one using the guidance and counsels of spirits in the true import, as a leverage to higher and broader views of life and its purposes; the other groveling upon the threshold of the temple, craving nothing save the peeps and mutters of the sycophants within, and too weak to withstand the light radiating from its altar, and who, when death translates them into the realms of eternity, crouch and cringe and wither Ayesha-like, whited sepulchers before their own destiny.

I want to be understood as drawing a plain line of demarkation between that class within and without the pale of Spiritualism whose shibboleth is "Thus saith the spirits," and that class who accept truth for authority, not authority for truth.

I want to be understood as eternally divorcing and casting off from the Ship of Spiritualism that vast horde of barnacles who live and thrive upon

it, giving the world of religion, literature, and science reason to include them in the ranks of Spiritualists. They are not Spiritualists any more than a Mecklenburg immigrant is a coadjutor in the thought and genius which designed and constructed the Cunarder that carries his carcass from a land of oppression to a free soil.

And in this category I place many who in private delight in the truth and solace of spirit communion, but when exigencies arise demanding their avowal of that heaven-sent truth, Peter-like, deny their master.

We hear much about the penetralia of Spiritualism and its universal acceptance, potency and power. There never was a greater error. Excepting the thinking classes and those whose minds run in channels of inquiry; Spiritualism is unknown on this planet to-day. Its import and significance are as little understood by the masses as are the chemical ingredients of the air they breathe or the meat they eat. Do not entertain the notion that the work of human regeneration is being completed simply because a few preachers and congregations have outgrown their swaddling cloths. This is only a stage in the universal process of mental incubation which is destined to have its full period in the mind of every individual. The fact that the Christian Church has a Newton, a Savage, a Thomas, or a Brooks, illustrates the fact that mental eggs always hatch wherever and whenever the fostering care and warmth of Mother Nature bursts the shells of institutional au-

thority and sets the chick free. Ignorance and crystalization are inexorably bound together. Whenever you find a code of ethics or a system of government based upon theological or social standards, designed to operate indiscriminately upon all mankind for all time, there you find spiritual miasma and stagnation. It is from this swamp that the stigma of crank is hurled at the Spiritualist, and we are worthy of the appellation. The first fool who ever looked at the crank on a locomotive wondered what the measly thing was for and found out only when the wheels began to turn. He who does his own thinking is always a crank. There never has been an improvement in the affairs of mankind, not a wheel in the looms and shuttles of industry has ever turned, or a thought projected that has lifted the spirit of man above the mire of superstition, that did not have its inception in the brains of those whom the rabble has ridiculed.

But, while we pride ourselves upon our advancement, we are to blame for much of the world's ignorance. If one-half the money that is wasted in supporting charlatanry and mountebankism was devoted to the education and protection of mediums, and the dissemination of pure Spiritualism, the world would soon be without a word of opprobrium to hurl at Spiritualists.

You do not find any announcements of schools or chairs in colleges devoted to psychic development, and the fact of intercommunion between the two worlds and the limitless possibilities

and responsibilities growing out of that knowledge. But you can read in any newspaper the advertisement of a "Seventh son of a seventh son," or the "Unchained gypsy of Arizona," who tell about "love," "past life and future husband; gents, one dollar; ladies, 50 cents."

It is no justification for us that these harpies disclaim any connection with or belief in Spiritualism. The world at large, even among the presumably intelligent portions of it, so regard them, while much of their patronage is drawn from that class who, with as much pretension as ever characterized a Pharisee, pride themselves on being Spiritualists.

It remains for that influence which does not exist to so apply itself that the respect, if not the allegiance, of the world shall be granted to it, and this can be done only by raising your Spiritualism above the freak and the circus plane of mentality. A few unprotected mediums, persons susceptible to all manner of psychic forces and influences, are not going to purify, neither are they to blame for the perfidy of their environment. Dishonest media, with rare exceptions, are the natural sequence of dishonest motives on the part of those who visit them. No stream ever rises above its source, and just so sure as the laws of attraction and affinity inhere in the atomic particles which form a rose and gives it its fragrance, just so sure do these laws transform Spiritualism into diabolism whenever the sodden and debasing

qualities of the heart and head enter the seance-room.

Spiritualism is one of two things, and there can be no middle ground between them. It is either the greatest delusion or the mightiest fact of modern times. In its objective or phenomenal character it is an established act, or human evidence and observation are worthless and the senses of man a mockery.

On its subjective or philosophical side it is an eternal truth, or human reason and analysis, love, intellect and wisdom must be sacrificed, and man has no alternative but to acquiesce to the doctrines of mythology or annihilation.

But I will leave this thought, for I feel drawn to the contemplation for a moment of the early dawn of the cause we advocate. We draw no inspiration from the past, still it is due to our desire to perpetuate the memory of its advent that we revert reverently and with profound gratitude to the period of its inception. We date the event as the 31st of March, 1848, and although truth did not then make its first advent, this was its modern advent. You who are familiar with history, know the agitations and discussions which stirred the minds of men when the spirit of a murdered peddler rapped out the tidings of immortality, the agencies employed and the marvelous uprising of thought which has followed the years since that time.

In this western Bethlehem was then born to the world a principle which

has become a radiant point in the celestial sphere, from which millions on millions of meteoric showers of love and promise have been poured upon humanity.

Here was laid down a munificence equal to the needs of the human race forever. Here the bond and the free could mingle together without stipulation. With one full sweep the angel iconoclasts had brushed aside the picture of every Dives and Lazarus in history, and brought them all within the compass of love and justice. Before this cradle the splendors of the orient became dim and wise men turned to behold the star in the West. The chemist brought his crucible; the sage brought his philosophy; the church brought its fables, and the world brought its condemnation. To this Eden came educated Ignorance and transformed the solved into the unsolvable by twisting an omnipotent law to meet the rappings of an abnormal toe-joint. Angels would have shrunk from this. Plato, Aristotle, Seneca or Socrates would have feared to rush in here! It was reserved for nineteenth century bigotry, cloaked in the white garments of science, to do it. Here at this shrine wisdom run amuck, coined a word to convey the thought that a mind bereft of sense can perform greater marvels than a mind conscious, and so they call it unconscious cerebration.

Here, too, came those wise professors who could, perhaps, repeat Thanatopsis with as little thought as a phonograph, and account for an Infinite

dispensation in fifteen minutes, but who never could account for the wide hiatus twixt what they knew and what they thought they knew.

Here, also, came benign theologians with hearts so filled with the love of God that there was no room in them for the love of man, and they witnessed these marvels of the spirits and then related many bald and unconvincing narratives about the devil and the new tricks he was playing to lure men to perdition.

Here, too, came the poor and lowly. They could not perhaps understand the process which transubstantiates the body of Jesus into the divine sacrament, but they could and did understand when the voices of their loved and lost called to them from beyond the veil of death. And where are these monumental wiseacres who pinned truth upon their shields, and then sought by every means, foul and unnatural, to belittle and throttle the choicest benison ever vouchsafed to intelligent man? You do not find their names upon anything that posterity will take pride in. The march of events and the vortex of death have swallowed them, their names and memory as completely as a maelstrom drinks in the wreckage and froth of the ocean. But there was an Edmonds, a Mapes, a Hare, a Wright, a Sprague, a Denton, a Brittan, an Owen, a Duprael, a Zollner! They came, too,

"With hearts pure, and sound in head,
To hold communion with the dead!"

And their names are forever graven

upon that parchment which bears testimony to the truly great and noble of earth. They espoused a cause which meant ostracism and the perfidy of their fellows. Like the martyrs of old, each bore his own cross to the feet of Ignorance liveried in purple.

They were the Humboldts who scoured the plains and crags of a new country and gave to the doubting world their unflinching testimony of its reality and grandeur. To do this they faced the scowls of priests, the ridicule of science, the gibes of the vulgar, and drank the wormwood of a world's ingratitude. But they have taken their places in the pantheon of eternal life, and with Washington, Paine, Jefferson, Franklin, Garrison, Phillips, Sumner and Lincoln, each of whom walked in the vale of his own Gethsemane, they stand forth as the great spiritual apostles of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. Their names and labor in the field of mental emancipation shall never become dim so long as a freeman lives to speak the word Liberty. The contempt of the world was their reward for intrepidity and devotion to truth. There is no fate more enviable. And where do we stand and what are we doing with this heritage placed in our hands by the wise and exalted progenitors of the movement, and those who walked through much tribulation before us? There is much in our day that savors strongly of that pride which has been the precursor of the downfall of every religio-philosophy of history. There is the growing sentiment, even among

some of the teachers, that Spiritualism is too plebeian in tone and so they want to make better merchandise of it and merge it into theosophy or soul science. Let me quote from a prominent theosophist's estimate of Spiritualism:

"Who and what are the psychic frequenters of your seance-rooms? Elementaries, Elementals, Medium's Astral body. The elementary is what is left of a man after his soul or ego, having separated from him through the dissolution of his physical frame, has entered the ideal subjectivity of Devachanic bliss. * * *

In our septenary scale of the human principle it is the Kama Rupa—the Body of Desire. It is the conglomeration of best and sin that often enough rejoices the vision of the clairvoyant by leading him to believe that he sees before him the spirit of some deceased friend. Alas! it is not his spirit he gazes on, but rather the devil within him that, while he lived upon earth, waged ceaseless war with his divine and real individuality. Let us say at once, that the Elementals that haunt seance-rooms are sometimes of the very vilest type. They masquerade in shapes abstracted from the 'mind's eye' of the medium or of those present with him. . . . They are utterly loathsome creatures, whose proximity is as morally poisonous as the poison of the Borgias was physically. . . . When a man dies suddenly and unnaturally, he can not be considered scientifically and occultly to be dead at all. True, he loses his physical body, but otherwise his

has become a radiant point in the celestial sphere, from which millions on millions of meteoric showers of love and promise have been poured upon humanity.

Here was laid down a munificence equal to the needs of the human race forever. Here the bond and the free could mingle together without stipulation. With one full sweep the angel iconoclasts had brushed aside the picture of every Dives and Lazarus in history, and brought them all within the compass of love and justice. Before this cradle the splendors of the orient became dim and wise men turned to behold the star in the West. The chemist brought his crucible; the sage brought his philosophy; the church brought its fables, and the world brought its condemnation. To this Eden came educated Ignorance and transformed the solved into the unsolvable by twisting an omnipotent law to meet the rappings of an abnormal toe-joint. Angels would have shrunk from this. Plato, Aristotle, Seneca or Socrates would have feared to rush in here! It was reserved for nineteenth century bigotry, cloaked in the white garments of science, to do it. Here at this shrine wisdom run amuck, coined a word to convey the thought that a mind bereft of sense can perform greater marvels than a mind conscious, and so they call it unconscious cerebration.

Here, too, came those wise professors who could, perhaps, repeat Thanatopsis with as little thought as a phonograph, and account for an Infinite

dispensation in fifteen minutes, but who never could account for the wide hiatus twixt what they knew and what they thought they knew.

Here, also, came benign theologians with hearts so filled with the love of God that there was no room in them for the love of man, and they witnessed these marvels of the spirits and then related many bald and unconvincing narratives about the devil and the new tricks he was playing to lure men to perdition.

Here, too, came the poor and lowly. They could not perhaps understand the process which transubstantiates the body of Jesus into the divine sacrament, but they could and did understand when the voices of their loved and lost called to them from beyond the veil of death. And where are these monumental wiseacres who pinned truth upon their shields, and then sought by every means, foul and unnatural, to belittle and throttle the choicest benison ever vouchsafed to intelligent man? You do not find their names upon anything that posterity will take pride in. The march of events and the vortex of death have swallowed them, their names and memory as completely as a maelstrom drinks in the wreckage and froth of the ocean. But there was an Edmonds, a Mapes, a Hare, a Wright, a Sprague, a Denton, a Brittan, an Owen, a Duprael, a Zollner! They came, too,

"With hearts pure, and sound in head,
To hold communion with the dead!"

And their names are forever graven

upon that parchment which bears testimony to the truly great and noble of earth. They espoused a cause which meant ostracism and the perfidy of their fellows. Like the martyrs of old, each bore his own cross to the feet of Ignorance liveried in purple.

They were the Humboldts who scoured the plains and crags of a new country and gave to the doubting world their unflinching testimony of its reality and grandeur. To do this they faced the scowls of priests, the ridicule of science, the gibes of the vulgar, and drank the wormwood of a world's ingratitude. But they have taken their places in the pantheon of eternal life, and with Washington, Paine, Jefferson, Franklin, Garrison, Phillips, Sumner and Lincoln, each of whom walked in the vale of his own Gethsemane, they stand forth as the great spiritual apostles of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. Their names and labor in the field of mental emancipation shall never become dim so long as a freeman lives to speak the word Liberty. The contempt of the world was their reward for intrepidity and devotion to truth. There is no fate more enviable. And where do we stand and what are we doing with this heritage placed in our hands by the wise and exalted progenitors of the movement, and those who walked through much tribulation before us? There is much in our day that savors strongly of that pride which has been the precursor of the downfall of every religio-philosophy of history. There is the growing sentiment, even among

some of the teachers, that Spiritualism is too plebeian in tone and so they want to make better merchandise of it and merge it into theosophy or soul science. Let me quote from a prominent theosophist's estimate of Spiritualism:

"Who and what are the psychic frequenters of your seance-rooms? Elementaries, Elementals, Medium's Astral body. The elementary is what is left of a man after his soul or ego, having separated from him through the dissolution of his physical frame, has entered the ideal subjectivity of Devachanic bliss. * * *

In our septenary scale of the human principle it is the Kama Rupa—the Body of Desire. It is the conglomeration of best and sin that often enough rejoices the vision of the clairvoyant by leading him to believe that he sees before him the spirit of some deceased friend. Alas! it is not his spirit he gazes on, but rather the devil within him that, while he lived upon earth, waged ceaseless war with his divine and real individuality. Let us say at once, that the Elementals that haunt seance-rooms are sometimes of the very vilest type. They masquerade in shapes abstracted from the 'mind's eye' of the medium or of those present with him. . . . They are utterly loathsome creatures, whose proximity is as morally poisonous as the poison of the Borgias was physically. . . . When a man dies suddenly and unnaturally, he can not be considered scientifically and occultly to be dead at all. True, he loses his physical body, but otherwise his

constitution is perfect and uninjured. He lives, moves and has his being upon the astral plane until such period as he would have died, had his earthly career not been rapidly cut short. His principles then dualize or divide into two. It is evident that the man who has met his death violently is easily within the purview of the clairvoyant. However, unless the man is wicked or has low tastes he will no more dream dancing attendance upon mediums and seance people than he would of rushing out among the vulgar life that wounded him when upon the earth."

Here, then, is that chemical metempsychosis which transforms divine order into phantasmagoria. Here you have the pure Himalaya formula for disorganizing organic function and turning individualization into nightmares. Here is the pungent theosophical process which gives you the *sum-mum bonum* of all life and intelligence, like a Jenness-Miller skirt, split in twain, one part in your "mind's eye," and the other in the "ideal subjectivity of Devachanic bliss." Beautiful and consoling, isn't it?

This is what occidental theosophy gives to the world in exchange for Scotch Presbyterianism. This is what those who love speculation better than cold facts want to give you in place of Spiritualism. The radiant forms, then, of our mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers, our loved and lost, whom seers describe and whose voices and counsels ring and reverberate through the halls of our life and memory, are

not such, but rather the "devil part of them that, while they lived here, waged war with their divine individuality."

The men and women intangible to your vision, grouped on this platform, whose beneficent power and influence I feel, are not what they seem; they are astral shells filled with moral poison, whose proximity to me is nearly as poisonous as the poison of the Borgias was physically.

If this remarkable and offensive statement truthfully expresses the theosophical thought of the day upon the dynamics of a future life, if this be the truth in contradistinction to the ponderous testimony of the departed and the rational philosophy founded thereon, than away with Spiritualism, the choicest flower that ever bloomed in the garden of infinite love, and let the Himalaya mountains, with all their festering hordes of Elementals, Duads, Kama Rupas and greasy jugglers, rise up and waltz over on to the Western Hemisphere.

I say that the blessings we enjoy, the memories of those heroes, thinkers and martyrs whose influence still permeates the affairs of this people, and the debt of every man and woman who has received the consolation of a future life, should be sufficient to brand with the infamy it deserves any and every attempt to belittle the free gospel of the angel world and foist this oriental *ignis fatuus* upon American institutions. You do not hear of wise spirits telling special privileged classes what they know about soul drill-

ling, Kama Rupas and hot-bed mediumship. It is no voice from the spirit world of light and wisdom that tells a mortal he or she can become so mentally etherialized that the counsel and guidance of spirits are no longer needed or desirable. Shall the cause which those early pioneers espoused and which gladdens our hearts be warped into the husks of orientalism and the glittering sophisms of metaphysics? Is it necessary for us to import the effete ceremonials and jugglery of the misty orient and incorporate them into American Spiritualism because we import the paupers of the orient and give them the privileges and protection of American citizens? Are astral shells to take the place of the radiant beings filled with love and blessed assurance that come to us? Is the barbarous word Karma to usurp the law of spirituality? Is the healing balm that falls upon us from the child of nature to be attributed to an undefinable tritheism?

Perish the thought. From high heaven let us invoke those wise spirits whose power shall avert this manac'ing folly and danger. I place higher value upon a single rap—aye, I would give more for one whoop of a spirit Indian than all the diatribes of metaphysicians from Blavatsky down to Aristotle.

After all, my friends, the question is: "If a man die shall he live again?" Unto this level all theories, theosophical, hypercritical and Christian, must inevitably reach, sooner or latter.

A rational idea of a future life,

based upon human experience and predicated upon facts susceptible of demonstration, is the demand of the people. This Spiritualism gives to the world, and although its repudiation follows with those who believe in and hope for a future life, our position should be in line with the demand of thinkers. What did Robert Dale Owen Judge Edmonds, Acksa Sprague or Epes Sargent know about Logos and Kama Rupas? They knew that human spirits returned from a post-mortem life and communicate with men. They knew that Spiritualism is the science of life, here and hereafter.

Spirits teach us that goodness is the only happiness, and that it lies in the power of every man and woman to rise by virtue of aspiration and effort above the clogs and fetters of their mental environment.

The fundamental *idea*, then, of Spiritualism is God, the Infinite soul of the universe, who is as imminent in spirit as in matter. The fundamental *thought* of Spiritualism, with the attendant facts, is a present conscious connection with angel life. The fundamental *purpose* of spiritualism is to educate, elevate and spiritualize humanity. I can find nothing higher than this. There is not a tear nor carking care but finds, in the broad economy of this grand philosophy, its compensation. Every cloud that shrouds mirth and chills rippling laughter, here finds illumination. Unto this sun the bosom of human life, like the ocean leaping to meet the kisses of the moon, can turn and be lifted into the certainty of

quenchless love and kindness. Upon this ground all men can stand without a thought of submission to limitations and feel the thrill of a new life as sweet as the attar of the rose, and a creed as broad and deep as human needs can ever require.

Let us not be ashamed to present this august evangel of the skies because her assumed friends have befouled their souls and betrayed their trust. Behold! the truth beams brightly above their darkened squalor. The grandest and loftiest statue may be duplicated in burnished lead, dwarfed to the dimension of a gnat and sold in huckster stalls for a dime; but if you want to see the statue in all its pristine nobility, you journey to its pedestal and drink in its beauties unobstructed by the thought of puny counterfeits. And upon a pedestal, as broad as the love and intelligence of man, the noble shaft of Spiritualism shines still brighter and fairer by reason of every cloud of fog that wraps its base in gloom.

The wheat and the tares must grow side by side yet awhile, because the harvest will come and the mills will grind the wheat and blow the chaff and tares to the winds of oblivion. And allow me to present, for the information of our visitors here this day, a few grains of the wheat which, by the most intelligent Spiritualists, are looked upon as the pure fruit of an abundant harvest. They are deducible from facts, with which all of you may acquaint yourselves, if you so desire, and are thus enumerated:

Man has a spiritual as well as corporeal nature; in other words, the *real* man is a *spirit*, which spirit has an organized form, composed of spiritual substance, with parts and organs corresponding to those of the corporeal body. Man as an individualized spirit is immortal. Being proven by existing facts to survive the change called death, it is reasonably inferred that he will survive all future vicissitudes.

There is a spiritual world or state, with its substantial realities, objective as well as subjective. The process of physical death in no way essentially transforms the mental constitution of those who experience it, else it would destroy their identity.

Happiness or suffering in the spiritual state, as in this, depends not on arbitrary decree or special provision, but on individual character, individual aspiration and degrees of individual harmonization; or in other words, on personal conformity to universal law. Happiness and misery depend on *internal states* rather than on *external surroundings*; hence there are as many gradations of each as there are shades of character, each one gravitating to *his own place* by the natural law of affinity.

Communications from the spirit world, whether by mental impression; inspiration or any other mode of transmission, are not necessarily *infallible truths*; but on the contrary, partake unavoidably of the imperfections of the minds from which they emanate, and of the channels through which they come, and

are moreover liable to misinterpretation by those to whom they are addressed. All angelic and all so-called demoniac beings, which have manifested themselves or interposed in human affairs, either in the past or present, were and are simply disembodied human spirits in different grades of development.

The causes of all phenomena, as well as the sources of all power, of all life and of all intelligence, are to be found alone in the internal or spiritual realm, and not in the external or material world. The chain of causation leads inevitably to a creative spirit, who must be not only a fount of life or love, but likewise a forming principle or wisdom, thus sustaining the dual parental relations of father and mother to all finite intelligences who, of course, are all brethren. It is to these ideas, drawn from the three fundamental departments of the philosophy of Spiritualism, as breathed through one of those pioneers and inspired mediums to whose memory the thought of this discourse has been devoted—Thomas Gales Forster—that we lead your thought and leave you amidst the vistas of bright promise opening out to your vision by their contemplation.

You, who can laugh at the despair pictured by an Ingersoll—you, who through your own capacity and willingness to receive truth, have not listened in vain for the answering echo of weeping love across the vortex of death, have indeed much to inspire gratitude and spur you on in the great work of human amelioration. We are

justified when we say, "Mother came to-day and gave a message of love and cheer. Sister was here this morning, and while the birds trilled their lays and leaves fluttered in the gentle breeze said: 'God bless you, brother, we are all, all here.'" I would not exchange this precious truth for all the baubles of fame that pomp and circumstance could bestow upon me.

Let us keep this sacred memento from the universe of Love free from entanglement, and cherish inviolate the infant fact and its lowly cradle at Hydesville, a fact infantile in relation to human acceptance, but of itself as old as the eternal stars that pave the Via Lactea. Let hearts rejoice as ears catch the angelic refrain: "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace and good-will to men."

Dread theology hath

"Peopled earth with demons,
Hell with men
And heaven with slaves."

But, lo! the rap sounded the death knell of old theology, as it drove the last spike in the coffin of a barbarous Jehovah, and awakened the despairing multitudes to renewed hope and activity. Behold the chain complete in this closing hour of history's mightiest century, with Spiritualism and its attendant facts demonstrating to a Sadducean world human spirit individualization and immortality, as a guide-book of the soul, whose pages glisten with the gems of life furnished by the angels and pointing to the pathway inlaid with galaxies of glittering suns and strewn with bright patines of spiritual mosaic, along which the spirit of man shall pass to the eternal home of the soul.

"Speed thee on! Speed thee on, o'er the troubled sea.
But, oh! let Wisdom guide thy bark and Truth thy compass be.
Unloose thy sail: God speed thee now; thy vigil never cease
Till, anchored in the heavenly port, thou find eternal peace."

THE NEEDS OF OUR UNCHURCHED MILLIONS—THE PULPIT AS AN ECHO AND THE PULPIT AS A VOICE.

BY W. J. COLVILL.

IN an essay from Thaddeus B. Wakeman, published in the *Arena*, October, 1890, the writer endeavors to prove that most Ethical Societies will completely fill the void left vacant in the human heart by the recession of the tide of old-fashioned theology. Without pausing to contradict any of Mr. Wakeman's assertions, which in our opinion, are in many instances extremely overdrawn, we will proceed at once to consider the main argument in his paper, which is to the effect that man is a secular being, satisfied to live a purely secular life and needing nothing beyond a secular religion. That politics and morality should be ever inseparable we have always contended, but that a simply political creed, however harmonious with the highest ethical code can satisfy the deepest needs of human nature we stoutly deny. Judging solely from their own utterances we can but conclude that neither Adler nor Ingersoll are by any means fully contented with their own largely agnostic positions; they both hope for far more in a spiritual direction than they either of them distinctly recognize as in any sense secure.

If this world held no graves, if there were no partings of dear friends in the presence of the mystery of transition; if every hour was golden with fulfilled hopes and radiant with blessed expectations; if the clouds of sorrow

never gathered and the human heart never yearned for any higher life than that already realized, secular morality would indeed be a far more satisfying commodity than under present circumstances it can ever be. Now we wish to be distinctly understood as in no sense undervaluing the idea of making earth a paradise, a dream which we fully admit can and doubtless will be realized. We are no adherents to the pessimistic school of Tolstoi, though we ardently admire the noble motives which actuate him; we cannot endorse mediæval superstitions, nor can we see how Calvinism can give "*comfort*" to any loving heart; at the same time there opens up before our vision a large and glorious prospect of a church of the future containing all the elements of excellence and few if any of the defects of the ecclesiasticisms of the past.

Mr. Wakeman's use of the word religion is doubtless accurate; we understand it to stand for two great ideas, **RIGHTEOUSNESS** and **UNITY**; more than these two meanings can doubtless be found in the root of the word *religio* which properly signifies to unite and also to reunite; in other words, an ampler phrase, to unify those persons and things which have not yet been blended into harmony in the evolution of society, and also to rebind in the bond of fraternal use and love those who have been estranged

through strife and error. The secular side of the religion of the future has been so well presented by Mr. Wake-man that on that phase of the subject controversy is out of place and supplement is needless; but is there not another aspect of the case entirely ignored by all members of the secular school; they seem as a class to entirely overlook the yearnings of the race for some sure sweet evidence of human immortality, and it is to foster this assurance, to help to make the unseen spiritual realm more real, that thousands of persons attend upon the services of what is commonly accepted as religion.

The Church, using that word in the broadest sense we can assign to it, is passing through a period of transition, and in so doing it is undergoing an experience which finds a contemporaneous parallel in the history of every other institution upon earth — the times are transitional and *everything* is changing together. Possibly there are some Roman Catholics who would decidedly exempt the Roman Church from this category, but even the severest ultramontanist must allow for changes in discipline though not for alternations in doctrine within the papal fold.

Outside the Church of Rome and possibly the Orthodox Russian Church which boasts of equal unchangeability, everybody knows change is rife on every hand. *Lux Mundi*, one of the most popular theological works of recent date, is a totally different volume from the celebrated *Tracts* which emanated from the same Oxford when

Cardinal Newman was a young man and Pusey was one of the idols of the hour. Then it was a question of ritualism largely, now it is a sifting examination of the very bases of long accepted doctrine; then it was chiefly a conflict between parties in the English Church, now it is that Church undertaking to address itself to the great doubting world, outside its pale, seeking to give to the masses a reason for its faith and its existence. Far indeed from the conclusions of Matthew Arnold are those of the several distinguished clergymen whose essays constitute the book entitled *Lux Mundi*, but in their authorship, despite its decided though in no way bigoted conservatism, we think we can quite often trace some result of the great essayist's influence upon the established church in England. Matthew Arnold always seemed fully satisfied with *righteousness*, provided "*sweetness and light*" were its accompaniments, but we doubt whether even Arnold's views of life are definite enough from an emotional standpoint to satisfy the genuine aspirations of the human heart, such aspirations we mean as can not be really satisfied by anything or everything which passes under the name of "culture," unless that word be endowed with a transfigured meaning and made to signify the cultivation of the essentiality spiritual as well as the purely literary and æsthetic in man.

That the churches of to-day do not adequately supply the needs of the millions who are famishing for spiritual food is self-evident from the fact

that not only do a very large number of people stay away from every kind of religious service altogether, but from the yet more distressing feature of the case, which is the really pathetic side of the question, that multitudes go to places of worship seeking bread and finding stones, and this is chiefly the case in those Churches where art and wealth are most lavishly expended to make the places glorious. We are particularly fond of fine architecture, good music and all else that pertains to satisfy the æsthetic side of human nature, but we want a baptism of fire not a baptism of ice when we attend service in a splendid temple ostensibly dedicated to the Infinite Spirit. Without bringing any railing accusation against anybody and avoiding as far as possible all flattery of one denomination at the expense of others we will venture a few reasons why a great many people who earnestly desire the ministrations of a truly spiritual religion and can never be content with a secular substitute, do not attend Church.

1. Many churches are far too exclusive in their atmosphere, however genial may be the intentions of their directors and officers; they impress one with a feeling of statuesque mobility, but they are repellant, cold and haughty in their appearance and atmosphere instead of warm, cheery, inviting and sympathetic. The service is often mechanical though ornate and the congregation resolves itself into something of a critical audience witnessing a performance and listening

politely to classical music and an oration. In such churches or synagogues, as the case may be, nearly all the pews are rented, but except on great occasions they are barely half occupied; strangers are not impolitely dealt with, but they feel scarcely welcome, and the case is far worse where there are no voluntary offerings made than where contributions are collected at each service. In large cities where numerous visitors are attracted to churches by notices in the public papers, there must be, if these announcements accomplish anything, a number of people continually present who can not hire sittings for a protracted term, and nowhere except in some Catholic churches is it thought permissible to let sittings for a single service. In all such churches there should be a warmer atmosphere mentally established and kept up, and every person attending should, according to his or her means, contribute something to the offertory. One cent from a poor person being much more relatively than one dollar from some one in different circumstances, there should be no reluctance and no apologetic attitude when putting a single copper into the receptacle.

2. All preachers should so act as to give their hearers to distinctly understand, that the views they express are their VERY OWN, their deepest convictions and sincerest sentiments. Preaching should be exceedingly instructive, and this can not be so long as the clergy allow themselves to be in the slightest degree controlled by

the pews, for what is really most valuable in any individual's discourse is that peculiar something which is his and no one else's. The real success of a preacher who is helpful as well as popular grows out of his fidelity to inward convictions, his determination to be loyal to all that comes to him with the authority of truth, therefore a large salary is often an obstacle except in the case of particularly strong men, and even some of these are tempted to endorse the sophistry that their audiences are not prepared to accept the most original thought the pulpit can utter. This is a fatal delusion, suicidal to abiding influence over the cultivated whom it is the desire of the modern church to reach, for if no one hears anything in a sermon which is not already well-digested in his own or the popular mind, the pulpit as an *echo* can never maintain the hold it can have as a VOICE. It is exactly what people do not get in the newspapers and magazines that they require in church, and there should be the same difference between reading something in print and hearing it spoken and seeing the speaker while he utters it, that there is between reading a play and seeing a drama acted.

Above and beyond all that we have said already, we contend for a fuller and clearer presentation of the evidences of life immortal. Many "liberal" churches are painfully agnostic, many "orthodox" churches are painfully narrow, and many spiritualistic societies conduct matters in a coarse and flippant manner and are pain-

fully irreverent. The existing services, lectures, etc., do not meet all the requirements of the day, and it is high time that fearless, independent thinkers looked about them and discovered how to establish centers for the diffusion of such knowledge and the fostering of such emotions as will meet the real needs of the unchurched who feel the need of something and know not what it is nor where to find it.

In this transitional epoch we are making way for a new departure in every direction. Church homes for the people in days to come will mean vastly more than such an expression signifies at present. Whenever the real home feeling is to be met within a church that church is always well attended. It needs but a little band of earnest, whole-souled workers to form the nucleus of an unsectarian society anywhere, and these people must leave whoever conducts the exercises perfectly free to express his highest and deepest convictions. We need something to stir us up, we need food for thought and reflection; the tame repetition of trite platitudes can never reach the masses, but the deep, earnest utterance of intense conviction will, and no studied rhetoric in the form of carefully prepared essays can ever do the work of strong extemporaneous oratory. Let any minister or lecturer announce that he will preach from one of the great Sunday newspapers in the morning and from another in the afternoon or evening, and let it be known that his object is to show how religion is vitally related

to every question of importance discussed in the columns of the daily press, and if he is neither a drone nor spiteful, he will invariably face a large sea of eagerly upturned faces.

The Sunday newspaper can be made the most valuable auxilliary of the pulpit, and to hear an earnest, able speaker descant extempore upon the freshest news and latest literary contributions to the literature of the day will afford a rich treat to multitudes. We dare say many people will exclaim, but that is not preaching the gospel. But we say it is preaching the gospel, and a man of any energy in one hour between 9 and 10 a. m. can prepare his sermon from the paper on his breakfast table and select if necessary scripture lessons entirely in keeping with his subject, and another hour's work on another paper in the afternoon will furnish ample material for a

splendid discourse for the evening, or for those who do not write so fast as that, the paper of the preceding Sunday might supply the leading suggestions and enable topics to be announced ahead. Of course every really important new book can be used as a text; the province of the preacher being specially to show the true relation of religion to everything. Fine music and certainly some hearty congregational singing should always precede and follow the discourse, and the prayer should invariably be a soul uplifting aspiration. Churches are not empty when their pulpits are occupied by men or women who can stir the hearts and instruct the minds of the people. Not the secularization but the true sanctification of the multitude is the need of the hour. A spiritual life glorifies the secular, but a wholly secular life must petrify the soul.

TWO EVENINGS WITH THE PSYCHIC FORMS.

BY ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

IT was the writer's good pleasure to be an attendant at a seance given by Mrs. Lizzie Fulton, on the evening of January 28, at her residence, 736 Hayes street, San Francisco. There were present Mrs. J. J. Owen of San Jose, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, the well known medium, Mrs. Wells of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Baker of the Hotel Van Ness, Mr. Bogardus, Mr. and Mrs. Cressey, Miss Hill of Chicago, and about ten others whose names we

failed to learn. All were honest and true investigators and harmonious souls, earnest seekers after the light and truth.

Mrs. Fulton's cabinet folds together like a book; it is constructed simply of a light frame held together with small screws, covered with black cambric, pinned or sewed on; it stood on casters and could be moved to any part of the room. All were instructed to examine the cabinet, and doing so

found it to be fraud proof. The medium was then taken to an adjoining room by a committee of ladies and examined. Her clothing was found to consist wholly of dark material, after which she was conducted to the cabinet. In a very short time independent voices were distinctly heard; then there appeared at the aperture a female form not as tall as the medium, dressed in fleecy white. The features were plainly discernible in the soft light as she extended her beautiful arms as if in benediction.

Others followed in quick succession and were recognized by their friends. A face dearer than all others came to the writer's view and called "mamma," guardians came and blessed their mediums.

Mrs. J. J. Whitney's child control, May Flower came in materialized form and gave her medium a wonderful test by telling a lady present what was then in her medium's mind, Mrs. Whitney declaring it to be a fact.

All who have the pleasure of Mrs. Fulton's personal acquaintance know her honesty of purpose, her earnest, kind endeavors, her conscientious scruples, know her sensitive spirit and tenderness of heart toward all humanity, and how sacredly she prizes her heaven born gifts.

Mrs. Fulton's independent slate writing is beyond all cavil. The writer having tested that with satisfaction on other occasions. A few questions were prepared which did not leave our sight for one moment; the slips of paper on which they were written were burned

before our eyes by the medium. We cleaned the slates and placed them on the floor, at our side; they were not out of our sight an instant, and the sun shone over the table and floor where we sat. In the short space of five minutes, raps announced the fact that the time was up, and on lifting the slates we found writing in different colors answers to every question. There were also a number of loving messages from others whom we had not mentioned and were not thinking of. The happiness it gives the investigator can not be told in words. The heart bowed in sorrow at the loss of the dearest one upon earth, will arise in freedom on the wings of love, when such proofs are presented to them of the presence of the beloved ones and their still devoted care.

* * * * *

February 7th, we were one of a seance given by Mrs. E. A. Wells, of New York, now sojourning a short time at 124 Sixth street, this city. This gifted lady is a host within herself, not speaking of the powerful band that are her guides and loving protectors. The persecutions which this fine instrument has been compelled to suffer for the sake of her divinely blest gifts as a lesson perhaps to herself, will be set right in due time, and her foes brought to retributive justice when they least expect it. This powerful medium's cabinet was in the bay window overhanging the street. In spite of blinds, curtains and black cambric, the strong electric light on the outside managed to peep into unguarded

places. As with the medium, Mrs. Fulton, a committee of ladies were chosen to report upon Mrs. Well's clothing; the writer being one of the number dare speak positively that Mrs. Wells had no white clothing on. The medium immediately thereafter entered her cabinet. We watched with breathless silence a moment, then with a soft low song upon our lips, soon two most enchantingly lovely forms appeared together, neither of which resembled the medium in form or manner. Several male spirits came and were recognized, as well as fairer feminine loveliness, and dear little children, two coming together. Judge Edmonds came, then returned a second time that he might be recognized by his friend present. He spoke in a strong, rich, manly voice.

It was a circle to be remembered by all present. If human testimony is worth anything, or our natural senses to be relied upon, in short if intelligent men and women whose words would be accepted in any court of justice, then this phenomenon of materialization given through Mrs. E. A. Wells, was genuine, as stupendous as it is, and may seem. Thirty-six forms were counted during the evening.

The medium is a lady whom the Spiritualists of the United States should cultivate and stand by what they know to be true, and sustain so grand a worker, and we trust the friends on these golden shores, in this sunny clime will do so. Among the attendants at her circles are some of our best citizens. The following were

present at the seance referred to: J. J. and Mrs. Owen of San Jose, Mrs. White a fine trumpet medium, Mr. Bogardus, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Butterfield and six other friends whose names we did not obtain. The presence of such a lady and medium as Mrs. Wells in our midst can not fail to create an active interest in Spiritualism in this city, and call back the wanderer from the fold by the marvelous evidence that affirm again and again that when "a man dies he lives again." The following endorsements will be read with interest:

STATE OF MICHIGAN,)
County of Kalamazoo. (

Wilbur S. Wandell, President of the Vicksburg Spiritualists' Religious Association; Rowena F. Smith, Vice-President of said association; Emily P. Deming, Secretary of said association; and Jennie Lemon, Treasurer of said association; all of Vicksburg in said county and state, being duly sworn depose and say that they have attended at least one of the seances of Eliza A. Wells of the City of New York held at the annual camp-meeting of said association during the last month now past and after critical investigation they are entirely satisfied that said Eliza A. Wells is a genuine medium for full form materialization and tests.

WILBUR S. WANDELL,
ROWENA F. SMITH,
EMILY P. DEMING,
JENNIE LEMON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of August, in the year 1889.

TYRREL RAYNER, JR.
Notary Public, in and for said County.

DENVER, COLORADO,)
June 23, 1890.)

Be it known to all persons to whom it may concern to inquire, concerning the mediumship of Sister Eliza A. Wells, that we, the undersigned citizens of Denver, Colorado, have attended most if not all her seances while in this city during the month of May, and June, 1890. We have never seen or known any trickery ever being attempted to produce visible or audible effects by the said medium. On the contrary many full forms have materialized and appeared outside the cabinet, giving excellent tests of their genuine individuality. Independent spirit speech has been heard by all in the room, and hundreds of recognized communications have been given, always in the language of the nationality of the receiver, Swedish, German and French, as well as English; all of which have been given at the private residences of some of our most respected citizens

and after the closest scrutiny of person and cabinet. The request to sit under the strictest test conditions was always made by the medium. Some of the ladies whose signatures are given below were of the examining committee. (Signed)

C. P. Perry, M. D.; T. D. Davis, Editor Spirit Science Press; W. K. Gordon, Muncie, Ind.; Robert Lendholm, T. V. Eitel, A. C. Githner, Preston Litten, Indianapolis, Ind.; M. M. Gray, M. D.; Frank Whittaker, pattern-maker at Hurdey & Meyer; Leston Thompson, Clerk & Assistant to Secretary of State Rice; Henry Walker, real estate merchant; Homer W. Scoville, Physician; Thos. Kellier, Mrs. L. H. Perry, Mrs. Sara Tutton, Mrs. Cheeseright, Mrs. Mary Citel, Mrs. Mary Walker, Mrs. H. Walker, Mrs. Kate Bixbury, May Spencer Farland, Mrs. T. Kellier.

A LITTLE WHILE.

(An improvisation given before the Society of Psychic Culture of Dunedin.)

"A little while," how long the little seemeth,
How tired ye grow waiting the lapse of years—
Waiting the truth of all thy soul now dreameth,
And thy redemption from earth's feeble tears.

A little while—Oh long, long days of waiting;
Oh longer nights of loneliness and care;
When will the hour of all thy griefs abating
Come with its sunshine and its vernal air?

A little longer journey to thy resting,
A little longer bravely bear thy cross,
O mariner the wave which thou art breasting,
Engulf thee not, Life ocean hides no loss.

God gathereth the wreckage storms have scattered,
And in life's treasure house 'tis stored away—
What storms on billowy sea hath shattered.
All shall be given thee again one day.

A little while—O Father keep them
Till they shall know the truth I teach to-night.
May it descend. May it in spirit reach them.
A little while and all things will be right.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE GOLDEN WAY.

BY ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

From out the midnight of the past,
Lights and shadows come and go;
Night and morning's loving clasp,
Hold mem'ries crowned with brightest glow.

Through the "Golden Gate" we've passed,
To paths ascending hights more fair;
On the "Golden Way" we're launched,
Under angel's loving care.

We'll scatter seeds of priceless worth
Along its golden, shining strand,
Where Hope, and Faith and Charity,
Shall work together hand in hand.

We'll bind the broken heart with love,
We'll wipe the bitter, falling tear,
We'll tell the mourner that above
Angels are ever bending near.

We'll tell the world there is no death,
That God in love is over all!
His mighty hand that gave us birth
We'll trust what e'er befall;

And trusting Him, we'll onward go,
Nor stop to heed the call
Of croakers, whose ill omened words,
Oft on our ears may fall.

The Golden Way hath shining sands,
Our eager feet may tread,
And as we reach the pearly gates,
We'll find all grief hath fled.

So kindest friends, give us good cheer,
And helpful, loving thought,
Whose essence, is the source of light,
Whence mighty truths are taught.

Come walk with us and talk with us,
As we the Golden Way pursue,
That when we meet "beyond the veil,"
We'll find its lessons have been true.

* * *

The four days debate between Elder Miles Grant of Boston and N. F. Ravlin of this city, held at Metropolitan Temple, which closed Jan. 31st, was an event of more than ordinary

interest. Elder Grant is the acknowledged champion debater in the fold of Adventism, and Dr. Ravlin is one of the most eloquent and forceful speakers on the spiritual rostrum. The resolution for discussion read as follows: Resolved: "That the Bible, Science, and Reason teach that man is wholly mortal and is unconscious between death and the resurrection, therefore cannot communicate with the living on earth." Of course Mr. Grant spoke on the affirmative and Mr. Ravlin on the negative. The first and second evenings the speakers confined themselves entirely to the subject matter as stated in the resolution. The third and fourth evenings was devoted to spiritualism *per se*.

Mr. Grant's argument was based on the literal interpretation of a certain portion of the Bible, touching upon the resurrection of the body. When man dies he is dead, very dead, according to the Adventist's view, who said: "nothing leaves the body at death but life, and it is an inconceivable, unthinkable, impossible thing for an intelligent being to exist outside of a material form!" This material form lies in the grave, awaiting Gabriel's trumpet, and the second coming of Jesus, who is to descend in a cloud from heaven. Then all the dry bones of all dead humanity, of all the centuries hearsed in death shall burst the

“ponderous and marble jaws” and cast upon the earth again all the disintegrated particles of matter which have made up the material forms inhabited by man for eons of time. That will be rather a lively materializing seance, for it will be in the “twinkling of an eye” we are told. And yet our poor deluded brother, denies the possibility of a true materialization of one little ghost in the interim, only as the Prince of Darkness ensnares the soul’s of men by causing the phenomena of Spiritism. What a Demon this man makes of his God! A God whose vengeance is not to be satiated only in an eternal roast of the greater part of his children, which he created in his own image. What must be the formation of a brain capable of such fallacious argument.

Dr. Ravlin, in an effective and impassioned speech, logical and argumentative, witty and satirical, left not even a shred of the untenable premises taken by his opponent. The Bible narrative of man’s creation he did not accept as true in a literal sense, and treated that part of the subject as entirely allegorical. He denied the existence of a Devil, or God and Angels save as spirits, for the Bible explicitly says that “God was a spirit,” that from Abraham to John the Revelator, wherever angels are spoken of in the sacred writings they are spoken of as human beings. This speaker was enthusiastically cheered as point by point was gained, which culminated in a triumphant victory.

On the closing night Mr. Ravlin’s

reception was a perfect ovation from his first entrance on the stage to the close. His tall, commanding figure stood in a perfect mass of floral luxuriance, wrought in suggestive designs, the star, the horse shoe, the laurel wreath, the ship spiritualism with its white sails unfurled to the world, voiced the sentiment of the large audience more than words can express.

Elder Grant took occasion in his closing remarks to hurl at Spiritualists and Spiritualism all the denunciatory invectives at his command. All the evils known in the black catalogue of depraved humanity were laid at the door of Spiritualism. He even went so far as to designate his opponent as a Stool Pigeon that the Devil had captured to lead the souls of men to their own destruction.

Dr. Ravlin in his reply to this tirade, calmly and in a dignified manner said in substance:

You have heard what my opponent says of my constituency and gives me a title never applied to me before, nevertheless I shall not descend to that level. I shall treat him as a gentleman, and his people as human beings. Then turning to his opponent and addressing him personally, he spoke something as follows: For four days we have discussed these subjects. It will not be very long before we shall pass on, you and I, to a realization of the truth or falseness of the proposition we have endeavored to throw some light upon, each from his standpoint. You are confident you are going to the sepulcher to sleep in un-

consciousness for an indefinite period. I *know* I am going up among the stars of God. I am not sepulcher-bound, it is neither my destiny nor my country.

You may go with your body to the tomb; you may insist you are dead and sit astride your grave, waiting for Gabriel to blow his trumpet, and Jesus to descend from the clouds of Heaven in person. But no trumpet will sound; no Jesus descend; and after you have sat there in the chill of a hundred years, steadfastly determined to know nothing but the fact that you are dead, you will come to the conclusion at last, that "some one has blundered." In search for the solution of the dilemma in which you find yourself, you will come at last to a knowledge of the fact, that the *blunder* was in your misinterpretation of the Bible. You will find that the real man is spirit and never dies. He closed with an eloquent peroration amid a tumult of applause.

* * *

The King is dead! Long live the King!

No one who has ever visited the sea-girt isle of Hawaii and received the hospitality of King Kalakaua and his people can feel other than a sincere sorrow at the sad ending of his Majesty's visit to this coast. For he was a kindly king, a courtly gentleman. As sovereign, the welfare of his people and how best to serve them were considerations ever near his heart. He was a warm friend to the United States, and his last visit, was not

wholly in pursuit of health; he also desired to bring about closer commercial and political relations between the two countries. This he did not live to accomplish, however, for marching orders had been given from a higher court, a court to which all are bound, be he prince or pauper. The swift-winged Angel of Death spreads her white pinions and lo, those of yesterday are with us no more. The Royal Guest is borne back to his island home, in silent splendor, while around him fall the sable folds of time, under the illumined rays of immortal worth; back to the home from which but a few short weeks before, he sailed with colors gaily fluttering to the breeze.

Hawaii is indeed a house of mourning, and her children refuse to be comforted.

For Kalakaua, although superstitiously revered and worshiped with a certain awe, of the "Divinity which doth hedge a king," was really much beloved by his subjects, for his grandly sympathetic and generous nature.

There is a peculiar charm about the realm where the dead monarch reigned, which is possessed by no other spot on earth. The stranger landed on its shores feels as though he had been dropped on some fairy-isle, resting on the breast of a summer sea. The fragrance of ripening fruits, the perfume of ever blossoming flowers, and the sweet music of singing birds and whispering palms all combine to make life as peaceful and dream-like as an angel's vision of Paradise. While Nature has made a veritable Garden of Eden mid-

way in the Pacific, man has brought into it the serpent of old, love of power, political ambition and intrigue, and over the little kingdom serious disruptions and revolutionary waves have surged, which have well-nigh destroyed the very corner stone of government.

The reign of the late King was marked by some stormy events. The methods and policy of conducting the governmental affairs which engendered bitterest opposition and denunciation did not originate with the King, but with his brilliant Premier, Walter Murray Gibson. It was the Gibson Rule which caused the uprising of the populace in 1887, a rule which they were determined to overthrow. Gibson was gifted with a masterful mind, suave manner and oily speech, a skilled diplomate, and it is not to be wondered that he wielded a supreme power over Kalakaua and the affairs of his Kingdom. He was at the very zenith of his power when the writer visited the islands about seven years ago, when on several occasions we met this "Richelieu of Hawaii," a term often applied to Gibson. There were many conjectures at that time as to the *secret* of Gibson's power. It seems easily interpreted. It was simply a superior will denominating a weaker one. We would not be understood to infer that Kalakaua was weak-minded, on the contrary, he was a man of commanding qualities of mind, and heart, but Gibson was a Napoleon, intellectually, and knew all the arts and devices which make others subservient to

his will. Kalakaua could no more resist his influence than all Europe could withstand the military genius of Napoleon.

Among the many beautiful pictures which hang in the writer's store-house of Hawaiian memory, next to the personal reminiscences of the King, none are more clearly and distinctly outlined than the recollection of Premier Gibson. But he, too, has since joined the throng invisible, and both now sleep where the blooms and blossoms of a thousand varying hues clothe the sod in perennial beauty. May their slumbers be as sweet and tranquil as the moonbeams which flit through the long plummy fronds over their lowly beds.

* * *

The grand, old Commander, Wm. Tecumseh Sherman, has not surrendered, but rather should we say he has *conquered* the last foe, Death, and is marching triumphantly on. Who can picture the grand review which followed this final victory? In vision I seem to see Lincoln and Grant and Garfield shoulder to shoulder with Lee and Johnston leading a mighty host. But,

"The colors were not as when they fought,
Ranked one against the other,
But a mingled hue of gray and blue,
As a brother marching with brother.

And a blue flower lay on each coat of gray,
Like for-get-me-nots on a boulder;
And a gray moss lace, in its southern grace
Was knotted on each blue shoulder!"

As the brave, heroic spirit ascended, how the clarion notes of rejoicing electrified the scene, how proudly banners fluttered in exultant play.

How the heart of the Hero swelled with joy and gratitude when he recognized the old familiar faces, and heard the welcoming cheers from the tried and trusted soldiers which made up the rank and file of his old command, the gallant veterans of many battles on that memorable march from "Atlanta to the sea." Among the prominent actors in the bloody, civil drama of a quarter of a century ago, none was more beloved than "Uncle Billy."

One by one the participants on both sides in that awful carnage which stains the fair pages of history of the Great Republic, with the blood of the very flower of manhood in our land, are rapidly joining the innumerable army; where the tangled mass of ruined hopes and lives will be cleared away, and clear in the sunlight of higher perception, will the truth be made known, why this nation must needs have been baptized in a sea of blood.

* * *

We are happy to be able to say, that the announcement dispatched from New York recently, that a man registered, Fred Evans, England, had suicided at the Astor House, New York, and was supposed to be Fred Evans, the world renowned slate writer, of San Francisco, is incorrect as far as our Fred is concerned. He was never better, never happier than he is at present, pleasantly established in his own home, 1242 McAllister street, surrounded by the easy comforts of life, with a pretty young wife

by his side, and a cooing baby-girl to nestle in their hearts.

It was a singular coincidence nevertheless, that the poor unfortunate whose own hand set the seal of death thereon should so resemble Mr. Evans that friends who had photos of his in New York should think the corpse were he. Not only did the friends think they had identified the remains, by size, color of hair and features, but the handwriting of that on the Astor House registry was found to correspond in every point with the signature of the medium, Fred Evans. Whether the suicide was some one who had known Mr. Evans and had practiced his hand on his signature for the purpose of counterfeiting it, or whether there was two real Fred Evans so alike, of the same country and unknown to each other, we shall probably never know. But certain it is that sometimes a close resemblance to other people makes it exceedingly unpleasant.

Digressing to a more cheerful vein of thought, would it not be just splendid if the new Boston Society for the investigation of Spiritualism could have our grand slate-writing medium, Mr. Evans, with which to investigate that phase of the phenomena. We do not believe there is another medium to-day who can give both publicly and privately such marvellous demonstrations of independent slate productions by spirit power as Mr. Fred Evans. He also devotes special attention to developing mediumistic persons for any of the phases of mediumship possessed by himself.

A Boston Society has recently been formed for the purpose of investigating Spiritualism, composed of such distinguished personages as the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Mary A. Livermore, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Rev. Edward A. Horton, E. O. Flower, editor of the *Arena*, and others of the same guild.

The prospectus says:

"We hope to concentrate our efforts on Spiritualism, pure and simple. That modern Spiritualism has votaries in all parts of the country and that it has a power to influence the thought and action of those who believe its teachings are indisputable facts."

"Is the movement founded on fact or delusion? Does the world know? And if it does not, it now is time for a few truth-loving persons, approaching the subject in a serious frame of mind, to investigate it, guided by a purely scientific method."

Rev. Dr. Newton of New York is reported to have said, in response to the question of a *Sun* reporter, "Are you a Spiritualist?"

"I believe there is something in phenomena beside fraud. It is to investigate and find out what that something is that a society is being formed. I am deeply interested in the matter, as I think all men of sense should be."

Thus we see there is an ever increasing interest in the fact that the existence of a communicating line between the visible and invisible worlds has been discovered, and that we can receive and send messages over it, to those hidden from mortal view. The

Society is evidently formed with the earnest desire to *know* the truth. "Ask and it shall be given unto you," is the promise. No one who will investigate with an unprejudiced mind, the claims of Spiritualism, but will find they are founded upon the rock of Truth.

* * *

A short time ago my heart was wrung with the sympathy, as a mother bent over the casket of her darling boy, a son in whom she was well pleased. Within my close embrace she whispered, "You know my grief. You sympathize with me. Oh, my boy! My boy!" The streaming eyes, the quivering lips, the pallid face and the clasped hands of that fond, devoted mother I can not forget. The wail of her desolate heart will ever haunt me. Not long before the husband and father was summoned by the angel of death to enter the dark valley, whither her son has now followed. Although other children are left to gather around the hearth-stone, the vacant place of one manly boy can not be filled. The impressive ceremony of the Catholic Church, so deep and solemn, brought to the listening mourner an echo of anthems sung by rejoicing angels welcoming the wanderer, whose feet already pressed the shining sands of home. We know the touch of that "varnished hand" in its tenderness will not be forgotten, the music of that voice that is now still will ever sound, on the listening ear of that "dear mamma," who kissed the lips of her departed child again and

again, lighting his pathway with her great love. Could he have spoken, when the curtain fell between him and that mother's face, his words might have been,

"I am launching out on a wonderful stream,
In a world of beautiful things,
Where shimmering starlight and sunlight
gleam,
And all nature her melody sings.
There are buds and blossoms that lovingly fall
O'er the shore on the rippling tide,
I reach my hand, I would grasp you all
'Ere I float to the other side."

R. L. B.

* * *

The future of San Jose and the Santa Clara Valley is one of rare promise.

Other lands and other places have their attractions, in many ways—as commercial, mining and business centers; but to this valley alone is generally accorded the palm as the place of all others for homes—the place to live in.

This coast presents a variety of climate and scenery unsurpassed by that of any other land. We have, within a day's ride by rail from San Francisco, mountains covered with perpetual snow, vast wastes of barren desolation, fertile tropical valleys, mighty forests of redwood and pine, fruit belt unequalled by that of any country, and a wide domain of farming lands, the very cream of the agricultural world. And when we add to this a sea coast of nine hundred miles, what more can be desired?

San Jose lies within the Coast Range, about thirty miles in an air line from the sea. There the cold summer trade winds that sweep down from the north are tempered down to a genial mildness. And then unlike the great in-

terior valleys and plains, farther removed from the sea board, the excessive heat of summer is unknown there, and none of that malaria that mars the luxury of living in some of our interior regions.

San Jose is in the heart of the great fruit belt, where ten acres of land constitutes a valuable farm capable of supporting a family in reasonable luxury. A day's ride among the fruit orchards will satisfy any conscientious stranger that this is indeed God's country, and as he becomes better acquainted with it he will soon come to regard it as without a parallel in the State, or on the globe. Of course there are other desirable places, but we think we can show, by indisputable facts and figures that this is the country for homes *par excellence*.

It is a great advantage to live near the great City of San Francisco, that must ever be the metropolis of the Pacific coast. It catches the overflow of our best population, and this will increase as the time of transit between the two points is reduced. It is now only about ninety minutes from San Francisco, but little longer than it takes to reach the outskirts of Oakland.

* * *

In Ensenada, a small but growing town in Lower California, a few miles below the international line, there are eight flourishing manufactories.

First may be mentioned a woolen mill, a brick building 52x210. The machinery is the latest improved kind for a two-set mill. This will shortly

be increased to a five set, in order to meet the demand. It is kept up to its full capacity on blankets for the City of Mexico. The mill turns out an average of two hundred pairs a day. When it works on flannels or cassimeres it turns out 20,000 yards per month. The goods are made of pure wool, no cotton or shoddy. They are sold at one dollar and a half a pound at wholesale. The foremen are Americans, and the most of the workmen Mexican and Chinese. Most of the wool is produced in the contiguous country, but some comes from California. By Mexican laws or concession everything they require in this or any other manufacture is admitted free of duty.

A soap factory has been established four years. The proprietor has just received improved machinery to increase his plant.

This shows how a reciprocity law would promote the commercial interests of both Southern and Lower California, which is now hampered by high tariff duties.

* * *

A young girl of only fifteen years sought to end her life in San Francisco the other day, by jumping into the Bay. When fished out she told a pitiful story of wrong and ill-treatment, so common among poor girls left to fight the battle of life alone. Why can't men be manly and brave, and protect such girls, even against their own impulsive natures—as they would a darling sister, or a precious daughter. But they will not, and the long

procession of injured innocents moves on towards the bay, whose kindly waters woo them to forgetfulness. Let us hope that in the gentle arms of the All-Father they will find the loving protection that was denied them here.

* * *

MISS CLOTILDE GALLEGOS has been appointed assistant translator for the New Mexico *House of Representatives*. This is the first instance in which a Mexican girl has been chosen an employee of the Legislature of New Mexico, though three-fourths of the population are Mexicans. It is noteworthy as a sign that Mexican women are beginning to appreciate the opportunities Americans enjoy.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

In order that no misunderstanding may arise, in regard to supplying the subscribers of the *Golden Gate* with the GOLDEN WAY, we wish to say, that the GOLDEN WAY is in no way whatever connected with the *Golden Gate*. That paper was published by a stock company, this is an individual enterprise. When the Trustees of the *Golden Gate* met Dec. 12th, and discontinued the weekly *Golden Gate*, it was distinctly understood that the type and office should be turned over into Mattie P. Owen's hands, as payment of the indebtedness of the Company to J. J. Owen. Mrs. Rose L. Bushnell and Mrs. Owen then announced that the *Golden Gate* would appear monthly. The 15th of January the first monthly issue appeared, after which, at a subsequent meeting of the Board of Trustees, they concluded to make a different disposal of the office and subscription list, thereby relieving the publishers of the GOLDEN WAY from any further obligation to the subscribers of that paper. To all subscriptions received, however, after the weekly *Golden Gate* was suspended we will supply the GOLDEN WAY.

NOTES.

THE new society of Ethical Spiritualists of New York set forth their objects and purposes in the following preamble: Believing that the time has come when the true Spiritualist should stand before the world, not only as a disseminator of the truth of continued existence after the death of the body and of spiritual communion, but as a friend of law and order—of all good works—of all effort to elevate mankind—to discourage crime—to encourage all that tends to pure and honest living—and that he should show to the world that Spiritualism stands for something more than a phenomena to gratify the curiosity of the idle, or even the scientific interest of the scholar. Believing this and that the Spiritualist should, of all men, be cautious and thorough in investigation, fearless in advocating the truth and equally fearless in denouncing fraud and imposture, the friend of good morals and the open and avowed enemy of all immorality, it is proposed, for the furtherance of these objects, to form an organization to be called the New Society of Ethical Spiritualists. The cultured and gifted Mrs. Helen T. Brigham is engaged as the regular speaker of the Society.

The GOLDEN WAY is in hearty accord with the sentiments expressed herein, as we believe all worthy Spiritualists to be.

* * *

THE Spiritualists of Los Angeles, Cal., have recently organized under the name of "The Los Angeles Society of Spiritualists," and elected the following officers for the ensuing six months: Pres. Mr. H. C. O'Blamis; Vice Pres., Mr. R. Adams; Rec. Sec., Mr. Geo. R. Brown; Cor. Sec., Mr. H. H. Hutcherson; Treasurer, Mrs. E. M. Hammon. The So-

ciety meets every Sunday evening at Foresters' Hall, No. 107 North Main street. Miss Susie Johnston was Speaker for the Society for January, and Mrs. Mattie E. Hull for February. The Secretary writes us: "The Society has rapidly increased since its organization in membership and is in a flourishing condition."

* * *

WE think it would be difficult to find a finer array of brilliant writers than we give in this, our initial number. Hon. A. B. Richmond, Wm. J. Colville, Hudson Tuttle, Wm. Emmette Coleman, Dr. Crane, Dr. Allyn, Ella Wilson Marchant, L. L. Palmer, John Wetherbee and others, all of whom will from time to time continue to contribute to our columns. Other eminent thinkers and writers will also swell the number, among whom are Professor Van Der Naillen, J. W. Mackie, J. W. Fletcher and others.

* * *

A BEAURIFUL tribute was paid to our arisen brother, S. E. W. Martin of Chicago, by the Rev. Dr. Thomas who spoke in glowing language of his many virtues at the funeral services. Brother Martin was a Spiritualist, who lived true to the Christ principle; he exemplified the Golden Rule in all the walks of life. Sweet mingling of voices in song by the choir of the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, was grand and pathetic. The floral offerings were many and beautiful, tokens of esteem and love of numerous friends of all classes. He once remarked to the writer, "I am ready and willing to go over the river at any time, yet I hope to have finished the work given me here to do ere I am called." The Sunday before his departure, he

called to see a friend and said, "I was never happier in my life, I feel perfectly well, I owe *no man a cent*. I have accomplished what I designed, before the year was out, I am now free and happy." Who that knew this pure, good soul but knows he *was* ready for home? The one beautiful Spirit awaiting him I trust made the home coming more sweet than earth language could tell. Rejoice, arisen brother, in the bliss that is thine.

* * *

SOCIETY is a public highway on a grand scale—a great moral turnpike whereon a hurrying, jostling, restless crowd of badly assorted humanity is ever thronging. Here is life in all its better phases—childhood with its golden hair and wondering eyes; youth with its widening, thoughtful outlook; manhood with its firm step and earnest purpose; old age with its bowed form and whitened locks. Here, too, are thickly strewn the wrecks of life—misguided children, headstrong and wayward; erring youth, rioting in frivolity and dissipation, and sowing the seeds of physical decay and moral death; vicious manhood, treading the downward road; and decrepit age, sinister and sere, with its painful memories, and hopeless future—all commingling in the one great journey from the cradle to the grave.

* * *

MRS. J. J. WHITNEY, the queen of platform test mediums, has sold out the Van Ness House and is again devoted entirely to her profession, mediumship. She found that the cares of a family boarding house and medial gifts did not work well together. She is for the present, for a short season of work, in Sacramento; she will visit in the near future the "Garden City" and other places before going East to Washington and New York, where she expects to spend several months.

N. F. RAVLIN has been re-engaged by a unanimous vote of the Board as speaker for the Progressive Spiritualists till next September. He began his labors with this society last July, and has succeeded in building up an interest in the society which is quite unprecedented in the history of that organization, and it is at present in a most prosperous condition, the audiences are increasing in size continually, the society will be compelled to seek a larger hall for their meetings very soon. The musical and dramatic club now number one hundred and sixty-five members; this auxiliary draws many young people to the Sunday evening meetings.

* * *

WE learn that W. J. Colville is meeting with very great success at present in New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia. His work is assuming very large proportions and is meeting with great recognition in the highest circles. He is now lecturing every Sunday in New York at the Union Square Hall, close to Fourteenth street and Broadway at 11 A. M. and 3 P. M., and in Brooklyn at Everett Hall, Bridge street, at 7:30 P. M., also on Fridays at 8 P. M. in Philadelphia in the Unitarian Church, Broad and Spring Garden streets. His classes are larger than ever in the three cities. He expects to be in Cleveland during May, Boston in June and will return to the Pacific Coast in August.

* * *

MRS. MELISSA MILLER, than whom there is no more noble and earnest worker in the Spiritual vineyard, is still tarrying in the "City of Saints," where she is creating a lively interest in the fundamental facts of Spiritualism. She holds Sunday meetings at Honor Hall, which are attended by large and attentive audiences. She also gives public circles twice each week and private sittings daily, at 261 South-west Temple street, Salt Lake City.

THERE is no better storage place for packing and removing household wares than the well-known Pierce firm, 735 Market street, San Francisco. We most heartily recommend this establishment to those who may want furniture of any kinds stored or shipped. We speak from personal knowledge.

* * *

A FEW more copies of Spiritual Fragments for sale at this office—at reduced price—only seventy-five cents, ten cents extra for postage.

THE Terry Brothers, 747 Market street keep a remarkable fine lot of furniture, carpets, stoves, at bedrock prices. It is really astonishing how handsomely yet with comparatively small expense a home can be furnished at the Terry furnishing house.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. King, who have been at work healing the sick, and caring for the afflicted in Salt Lake City since last September, have returned to their home in San Diego, where they will continue their labors as heretofore.

FROM SOUL TO SOUL,

By EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

This volume contains the best poems of the author, and some of her most popular songs, with the music by eminent composers. Among the poems which have attracted wide notice are:

Budding Rose, Incidents of Life Under the Blue Laws, Parson Smith's Prophecy, From the Highlands of Heaven, The City of Sorrow, Soliloquy of Fulvia at Sicyon, The Holy Maid of Kent, etc., etc., etc.

THE MUSIC INCLUDES:

The Unseen City, Claribel, a June Song, Emma Clair, We Shall Meet Our Friends in the Morning, Meet Us at the Crystal Gate, etc., etc.

Many of the poems are admirably adapted for recitations, and were used by the author in her public readings. The volume contains 225 pages, is beautifully bound, and furnishes a fine holiday gift. Price \$1.50. Post paid.

PRESS NOTICES:

Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle is masterful in her prolific poetical genius.—The Two Worlds, (Eng.)

A talented writer, and one of President Garfield's brightest scholars.—Chansaning Argus.

A gifted poet whose writings are familiar to many.—Detroit Advertiser.

Mrs. Tuttle is well known as a poetess and author of many exquisite songs.—Sat. Eve. Spectator.

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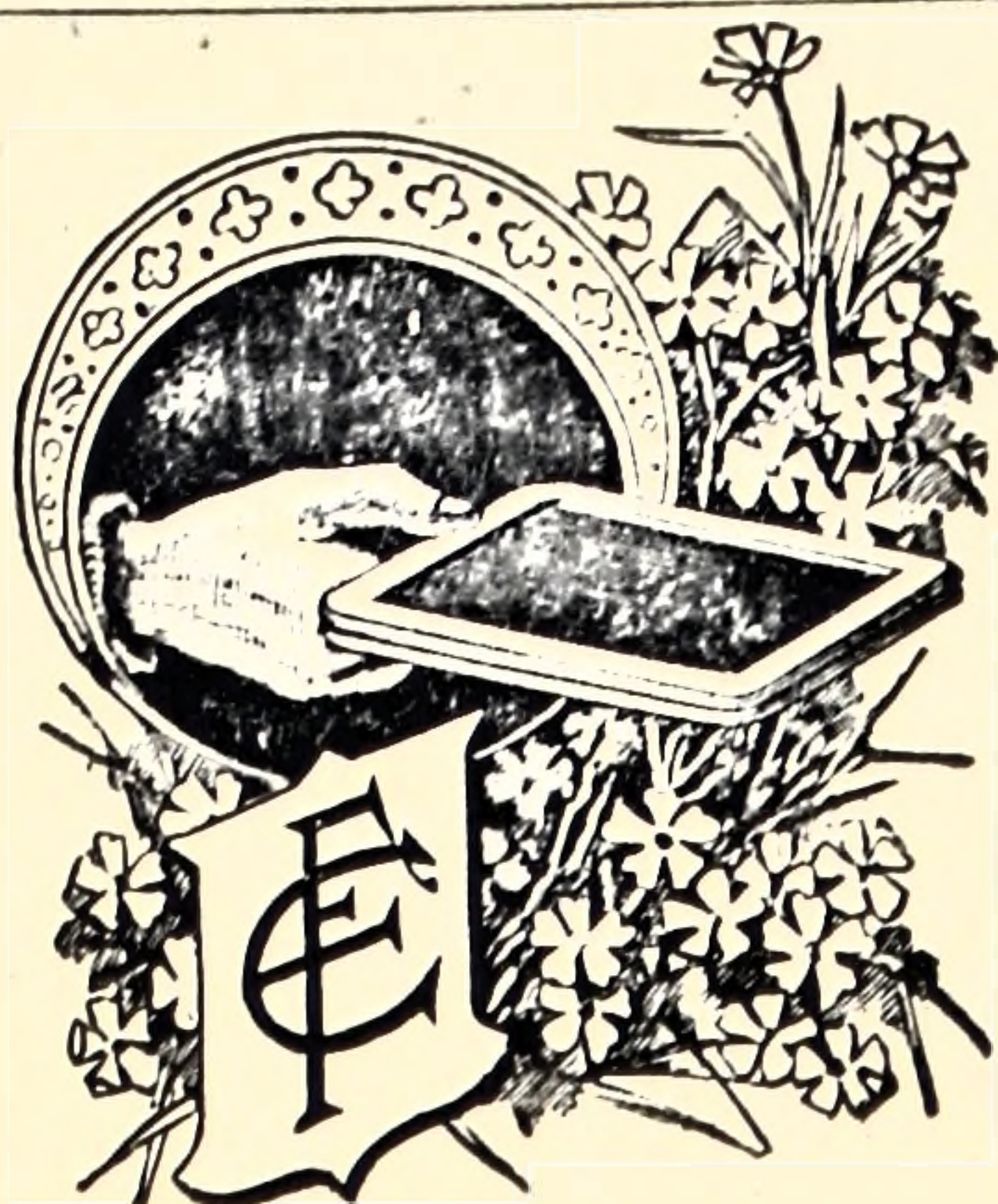
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